THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXI.—No. 1574

FEBRUARY 13, 1934

The BYSTANDER

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THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON

The Bystander, February 13, 1934

No. 1574. Vol. CXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Yevonde

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

Constance Cummings, the attractive American film-star, spent some time in England last year, and while she was over here made, among other films, "Channel Crossing," in which she played opposite Matheson Lang. She starred in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," which ran at the Tivoli last month. Constance Cummings is the wife of Benn Levy, the playwright; she married him last year, and he went back with her to Hollywood, where they both are at the moment

"I say, how about that mink coat you promised my wife?"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Fun and Games in Whitehall

THE Government isn't going to be set down by a mere plesiosaurus in a Scottish loch. It is going to produce a monster of its own, and plank it down in Whitehall. A super-building is likely to be run up, about eleven storeys high, to house Government offices, which will ruin the whole appearance of the historic street in which Charles lost his head. And the beauty of it is that within a mile radius of Trafalgar Square there are a million-and-a-half square feet of office accommodation which have never been occupied at all. So let 's have a few more millions in the same area. Poor King Charles! He wasn't half such a donkey as he was made out. Anyway, not now that we have the Office of Works to compare him with.

Here We Go Round the Mulberry-Bush!

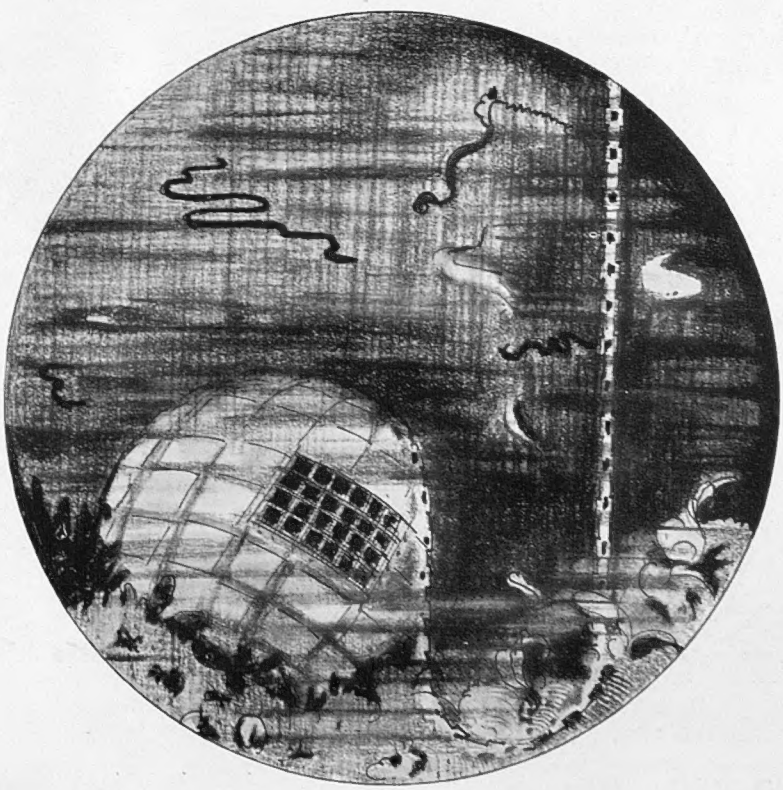
THINGS are beginning to move in the Disarmament world at last. It is now exactly two years since the Conference got to work to reduce armaments, and after a thousand schemes have been produced with enthusiasm in each of the leading capitals and rejected with scorn in all the others, the British have weighed-in with a brand-new idea Instead of the ex-Allies reducing their weapons, let the ex-enemies increase theirs. What could be simpler? And that, darlings, is where our brains begin to get the staggers again.

No, No, We Don't Believe It

CAN it really be true that the two sides in the German Evangelical Church dispute were led by Doctor Moeller and Doctor Niemoeller? If so, Destiny is being kind to the professional wags.

Ring Out the Old, Ring In Ringong

THE Dalai Lama of Tibet is dead, but the spirit of Dr. Arnold lives on. Four likely lads of Yak-land were sent to England in 1913 to learn something about European culture and organisation (a somewhat unfortunate period for a display of Europe at its best), and were educated at Rugby. (Oh, well played, Sir! Reminds me of that drop-kick in the Cock-house match in '66.) One of them was called Ringong. Fate, which had clearly designed him to be a butler, made him an electrical engineer, and Ringong is one of the hot lads now in the neighbourhood of Lhasa. If ever you are passing, you will be able to distinguish him from the monks by his Old Rugbeian tie.



"Please remember, Dr. Krauss, that we are down here in the interests of Science"

Stick to It, Lincoln!

THE East Anglian city that is called after America's great President is having a fine old time with its ancient buildings. Not so long ago it knocked down its lovely eighteenth-century Church of St. Peter, and thereby acquired a "valuable site available for commercial development," and now it is proposing to deal as faithfully with its old butter-market. Attaboy! Clear the junk away! Get rid of the Stonebow, that Roman arch at the top end of the town, through which the Legions marched on the Ermine Street. Smash down the Cathedral. Melt Great Tom, that glorious bell. Sell the rose-window to the Bond Street boys. Get everything set for commercial development. By the way, where the dickens is the commerce these days?

Beer and Beauty

WHY is there the figure of a Moorish maiden upon the banners of the Worshipful Company of Brewers? Because, in the legend, a Moorish beauty followed Thomas Becket's father to London, and Thomas Becket is the patron saint of all brewers. Sir W. S. Gilbert was only echoing an ancient theme when he sang in *The Gondoliers*, "And the warrior on duty goes in search of beer and beauty, and it generally happens that he hasn't far to go." It is exactly five hundred years since the Brewers' Company designed their

(Continued on page 273)

"Madame can see, per'aps, 'ow it is intended—yes?"

Standing By *(Continued from page 271)*

livery, a chocolate-coloured gown, faced with blue, and a collar of yellow braid, and the livery has been the same ever since. This ancient and splendid Company received its Charter in 1437, three years after the livery-cloth was first cut, but the Guild of Brewers dates back even further. There is a sinister entry in the Records of 1312, which says that in that year the brewers obtained water by special licence from the conduit in Cheapside. Whatever did they do with the water? We simply cannot imagine.

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men

THE Naval Conference at Singapore has been attended by the inheritor of one of the strangest careers that an Englishman has ever had. It was in 1842 that James Brooke, the invalid son of an official in the East India Company, became Raja of Sarawak, in the Malayan seas. Generation after generation of Brookes rule over that wild country, and Joseph Conrad described the wonderful trust which the natives place in their white Rajas, in one of the noblest of his ten thousand noble pages of English prose.

A New Brasserie

THIS paragraph is only for those who know the difference between a brasserie and a brassière. Those interested only in the latter—Dis-miss! Those interested in the former—Attenshun! The Piccadilly Hotel is going to open a new brasserie on the site of "Jimmie's," that famous restaurant of Edwardian days, and Mr. Field, Chairman and Managing Director of the Piccadilly Hotel, has been visiting Berlin in search of novelties. He has sent us some notes on the conditions in Germany which may be of interest, even to you, sweet nit-wits. Everywhere are men in military or semi-military uniforms; parades of Steel Helmets are accompanied by hundreds of soldierly-looking men in plain clothes, and policemen, marching about with bands at their head, are followed by crowds, in the street and on the pavements, keeping step with the cops. Even the small boys wear a most military-looking, dark-coloured uniform, complete with trench boots and water-bottle. Lectures are frequently given to extol the virtues of Frederick the Great, the man who violated his sworn pledge and gave Europe seven years' war. Meanwhile, Vive la Brassière! (What? Oh, sorry! But you know what we mean.)

Zoological Cads

A SHAMEFUL trick has been played on the boys by the authorities who look after the publication of zoological photographs. Last week a picture was released to the daily Press of a whole lot of crocodiles (a "wisp" of crocodiles is the old Sussex technical term for a lot of crocodiles. In Rutland, on the other hand, they talk of a

"—and you shall have my Pink Elephant with two bars"

THESPÆANS

No. 20.—Mr. Gillie Potter

To those of us who dote
On gossip-writers' chatter
And eagerly peruse
Each particle of news
Of those who REALLY matter—
To wit, those charming folk
We think of as "the County"—
A thrilling store
Of facts galore
He gives us from his bounty.

With massive tome in hand,
He eyes us most severely;
Then, forthwith, he dilates
Upon the loves and hates
Of those we envy dearly.
Relating stories grim
Of those we oft have thought on,
For bravely he 'll
Each night reveal
Dark secrets of Hogsnorton.

Although Marshmallows may
Declare that he is silly;
They cannot hope to bribe
Or twist that fearless scribe,
The straw-behatted Gillie.
And so we vow that though
Our squirearchies totter,
The whole darn lot
Can go to pot
As long as we 've got Potter! B. W.

If You Want to Know
"WHAT'S ON"
Turn to page A—before the frontispiece—for "The Bystander's" weekly guide to London Amusements.

" I tell you Mäe West means nothing to me—I merely admire her "

" wiffle " of crocodiles) lying about on the terraces of the " Zoo." It was a fierce spectacle, and those of the boys who had been out on the tiles the previous night felt a bit upset by it. Indeed, quite a marked increase took place in the membership of several of the better-known Temperance Societies.

From a Contemporary

ONE of our grandest, our most-respected, our doyen (a French word, meaning—meaning—oh, well, anyway, a French word) among newspapers, has just committed itself to the following statement: " Mr. Fleetwood-Smith is a left-handed bowler, but he is not left-handed in the accepted sense of the term." Now what does that mean? With which hand does Mr. Fleetwood-Smith bowl? Or does he not bowl at all? Or does he kick the ball at the batsman? Or does he——.

Toujours la Politesse

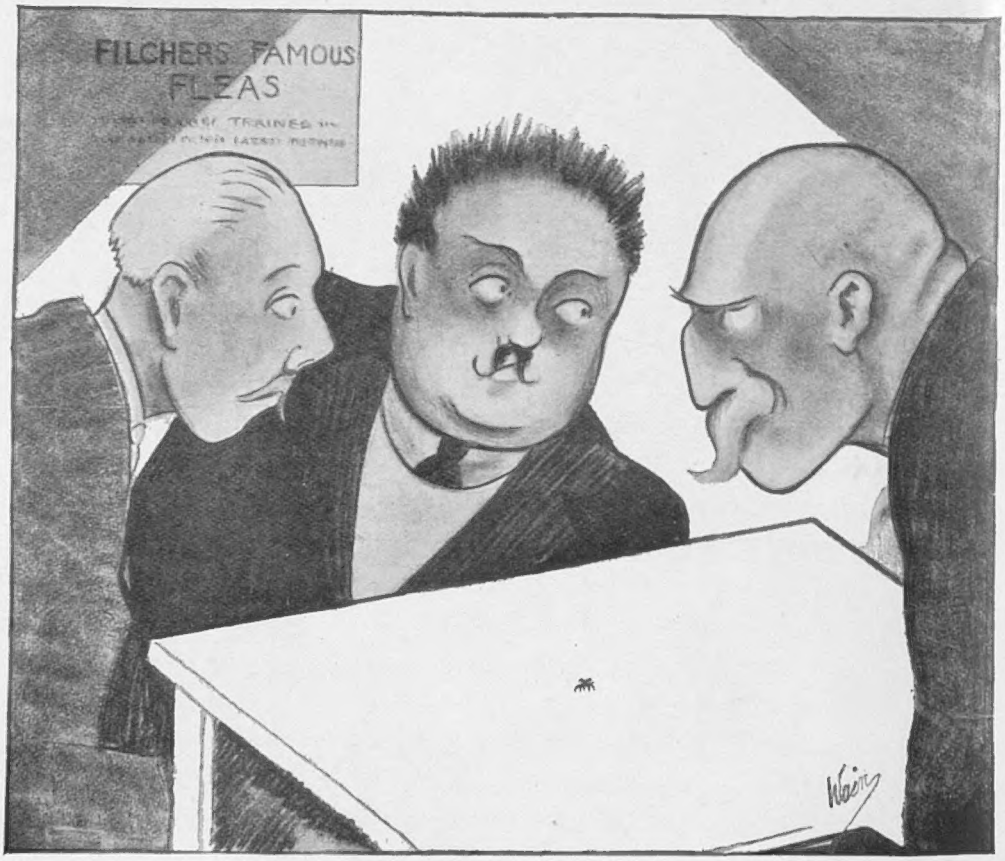
A FRIEND in America tells us that the dramatic critics of New York, where first nights are known as " the Death Watch," were told by Roosevelt some months ago that they must boost the theatre in the interests of business and recreation, and they obeyed fantastically for a while, but now that the ban on " slamming " is lifted they are worse than ever. One critic was heard to remark on a first night before the show started: " I told my wife to stay at home with a decent book—this is going to be lousy, anyway "; while another in print the next morning described the show as " a bunch of very bad actors attempting to play a very bad play written by two 'dirt' merchants." Pretty dears!

Only for the Older Ones

MME. CZEMCHUZHIRA—oh, well, spell it for yourselves!—has just been awarded the Order of Lenin. And why? Because she has rendered the State some service. She has helped in the cause of Regeneration of Mankind through the World Revolution, by making extremely good lipstick and rouge. In fact, Mme. Whatever-we-called-her-just-now is at the head of the Soviet Cosmetic Trust. And that is why this exquisite paragraph is designed only for elderly folk, stockbrokers, and what not. For we do not want to encourage our Youth to put its Trust in Cosmetics. They are but a snare and a delusion!

Trade Revival

THE Librarian of Glasgow University (don't laugh, dash it—at least, not yet) wanted to buy a book from abroad. The book cost £25. The head-band of the book was made of silk, value one penny. The duty on the book was nil. The duty on the head-band was £3. The Librarian, a Scot, and therefore a highly intelligent man (we ourselves can trace our descent back to a contemporary of Sir Harry Lauder), cut out the silk of the head-band. But he left a few shreds, and these were taxed at Dover, or wherever it was, to the tune of 10*s.* 6*d.* This is called Prosperity Revival.



" Mr. Filcher, he's a genius! "

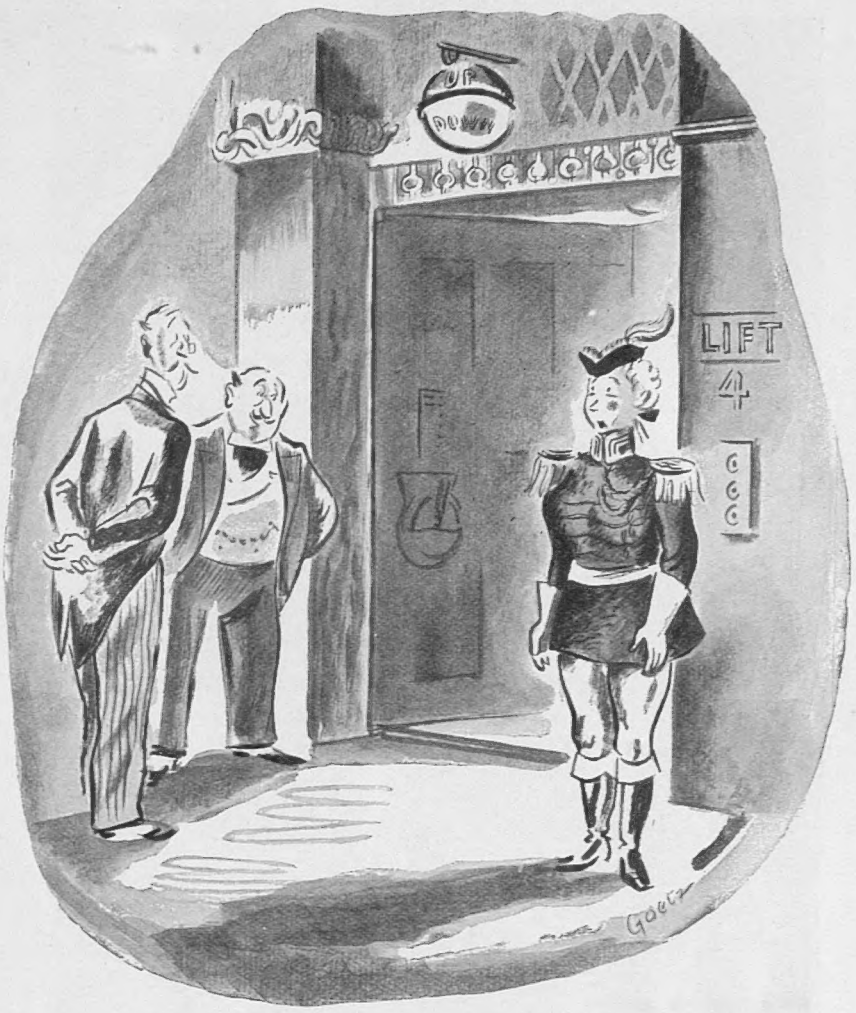
Steady On, Sir Ian

THIS drum business is all jolly fine. It is a grand gesture for a distinguished General to take the ticket for the Ostend left-luggage office, which the Gordons got when they deposited their drums in the "consigne" at the Ostend station, and go and collect the goods from President von Hindenburg (there was a time when we young subalterns, rascals that we were, used to talk about "Hindy" and "Ludy"). But where is it going to stop? A gesture is a gesture. But a precedent is a precedent. And what will happen when Bulgaria asks for the return of the field-gun which once was a trophy of war on the village green at Dudhampton-under-the-Marsh, and which was chucked into the village pond on Armistice Night in 1925 by the young Dudhamptonians who were not only under the Marsh at the time but also under the weather?

Sir Ian Hamilton has started a pretty hare. And as it is his own hare, started by himself, without any provocation, or any assistance, definitely his own hare, we cannot even take Charles Lamb's charitable view and call it a wig.

A Superb Actress

WE went last week to see *Reunion in Vienna*. What an actress Miss Lynn Fontanne is! What ease, what wit, what charm, what inexpressible deliciousness! And Mr. George Lunt is a splendid foil. But Miss Fontanne—words fail us, and, believe us or do not believe us, just as you like, words do not often fail us. Mr. Sherwood has provided them with adequate parts in which to charm us, and he has also invented a beautiful form of words in which to greet a stranger. "Whoever you are, I bid you 'good-morning,' and I can assure you I do so with the most profound sincerity."



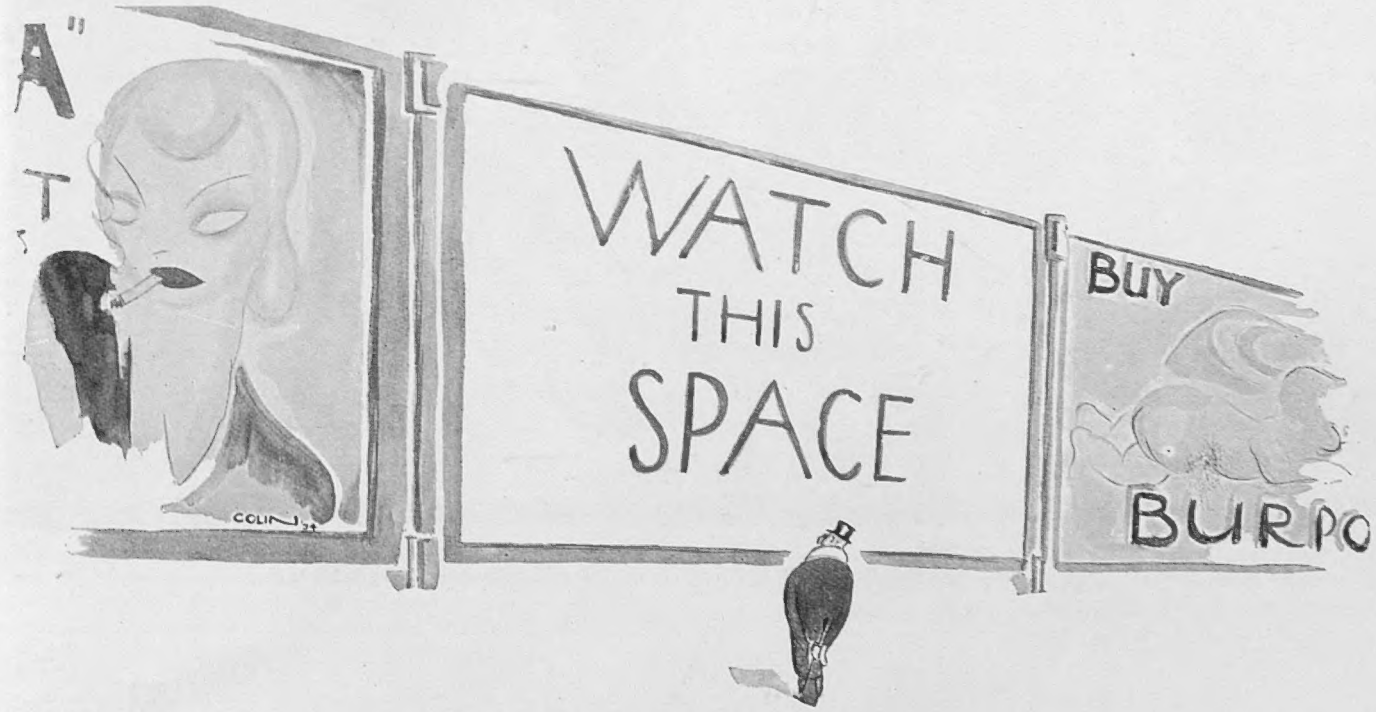
"Surely we ought to give them hunting-horns as well?"

Rhubarb Express

NO, this is not a super-film. Nor is it the name of a newspaper. It is the name of the train which whizzes down from the neighbourhood of Leeds every day with tons and tons of early rhubarb. The peak of the season is rapidly approaching, and the railways will soon be laden with this delectable fruit. For ourselves, we are not very strong on our rhubarb, but we strongly deprecate the suggestion which is being put forward in some violent anti-rhubarb circles that Miss Agatha Christie should be asked to plan a murder on the Rhubarb Express.

Not Being Sung in Paris

FEW voices on the boulevards are being raised in that old music-hall song of which the refrain runs, "Oh, give the poor Chiappe a chiance."—THE BYSTANDERS



"Discipline, that's what *he* needs—discipline!"

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 37

Lady Milbanke

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

Of course I am a fan of Lady Milbanke. Who isn't? Her serene, smooth, white forehead, her widow's peak, and her cool, clear eyes are only matched by her exquisite nose. She is decorative. She is charming. Nothing hurries or retards her. She has no enemies. Indeed, she has as many women friends as men friends, and when you are as beautiful as that it means you are a very nice person.

Formerly Lady Loughborough, and née Sheila Chisholme, Lady Milbanke is an Australian. She comes from Sydney. Her father was a member of the Jockey Club, and, like all good Australians, she is a first-class swimmer. She used to think she was a first-class bridge-player. But after a time she decided that if you regularly lost five hundred a year at cards, you could not be. So she gave it up.

It is scarcely credible that she has two boys at Eton—Lord Loughborough, who is rising seventeen, and Peter St. Clair Erskine. Her eyes are hazel, which is another way of saying that they go green if she wears green, and brown if she wears brown. The colours which suit her best are orange, green, and grey, which is another way of saying that she has a lovely skin. Her husband is a brilliant angler and a keen shot. They live in Talbot Square, having given up their place in Ireland.

What the Royal Northern Hospital owes to her only the Royal Northern knows. For seven years she has been entirely responsible for the success of the Derby Ball. She takes terrific pains about it, and writes the majority of the appeals herself. She is devoted to dogs, though, alas! Fang, her Alsatian, is dead. She is dressed by Patou. She has an extraordinary dignity. You will never hear her say anything catty about anyone. She smokes her cigarettes from quill holders. She has been painted by Simon Elwes. Her closest friend is Mrs. Peter Thursby, and since the two of them joined the Committee of Ciro's the membership has increased by seven hundred and the takings by seventy times seven. In her spare time Lady Milbanke knits shooting stockings madly for her husband. As to food, she confesses that she wouldn't mind being confined to a permanent diet of bacon and eggs. She is a great admirer of "Beachcomber," and named her racehorse after his favourite character, Doctor Strabismus (whom God preserve!) of Utrecht.

Second Thoughts

"Spring, 1600" (Shaftesbury)

I HAVE a feeling, somehow, that the first-nighter who was overheard to wonder why this play was called Spring One Six Double-O—maybe his own number was Primrose something or other—didn't get the sort of evening he reckoned worthy of a white waistcoat. I 'm afraid that the first Act, with its madrigals and slow-motion palaver, confirmed his darkest suspicions about the foundations of music, the golden age of Elizabeth, and everything vaguely classifiable as "costume." Most likely the arrival of two stranded members of Dick Burbage's company in Mistress Byrd's garden just revived vague prejudices about Shakespearean clowns; while the subtlest of all Mr. Emlyn Williams's vivid imaginings—the Bard himself, just popping in and out of Burbage's bedroom, with only a couple of lines—passed by to a sigh of relief. Anyway, it wasn't going to be *This Side Idolatry* all over again.

Well, this is heroic stuff for us faddy and discerning play-lovers, and what the Anti-Costume Party think of composer Byrd, author Will o' the Wisp, Lady Coperario and her flummery, or Burbage and his band of bickering "pros," is none of our business. We shan't easily forget that scene in Burbage's room, with the great actor-manager (Ian Hunter) and his shrewd spouse (Margaret Webster) watching the rehearsal from a four-poster, and the runaway Mary Byrd (Joyce Bland) reading the heroine's part in boy's clothing and falling in love with Burbage for all to see. For this second Act the author needs no excuse for the slightness of his story or the flimsy disguise of his Viola from Essex. The girl turned play-actor, to escape marriage with a foppish squire, is just a picturesque excuse for a racy and exciting assault on a period rich in atmospherics. Back-stage goings-on in the spring of Will's hey-day—what a paradise for an actor-author! Mr. Williams takes the times by storm and packs his canvas with humanity.

And, in case the old glory should glow too romantically, he gives us, with a stroke of genius, the male impersonator of the company to bring us back to earth and laughter. Played by Frank Pettingell with devastating womanliness, this part will make every character-actor green with envy and admiration.

A scene from "Spring, 1600," the historical play by Emlyn Williams at the Shaftesbury Theatre, showing Lady Coperario (Isabel Jeans), a lady from the East (End), who showers her favours indiscriminately, acceding to the request of Dick Burbage (Ian Hunter) for an intimate interview. That sly little Byrd (Joyce Bland) from the country is dumb with horror and despair

WHEN Burbage, playing truant in Lady Coperario's bed-chamber, snapped out of his drunken stupor and began to declaim about the immortality of actors, I, too, lost my bearings. A drunken mummer sobered into poetry by a mere view of London at dawn is a pretty thought; but I 'd rather believe that what got him to the new Globe in time to quiet the rudery of the groundlings was that bowl of his wife's spinach-soup.

DESPITE Isabel Jeans forcing the note a bit over concert pitch, Lady Coperario and her glamour rather fizzled out, I thought, by the time the Globe curtain rose on the première of *Twelfth Night*. And, somehow, I felt there was something like conventional bathos in the thought that Mary's Viola was to be her last stage adventure before a manlier squire took her back to wedding-bells and Ongar.

Taken by and large, and allowing for a cut

on First Nights

here and acceleration there, *Spring* 1600 deserves to run. John Gielgud's production and crowd-handling, and Motley's scenery and dresses will not escape the connoisseur. Floreant, in management, Masters Gielgud and Clowes.

"Mr. Whittington" (Hippodrome)

EVERY musical comedy is a dream in itself (and a darned silly one), so why drag in another? Besides, this dream racket was tried out in *Peggy Ann*, with all sorts of fantastical side-lines, and it didn't pay. Doesn't everybody in the box-office business know that the great British public won't stand for fantasy?

Instead of that conventional foreign plage or night-club, the consequences of Mr. Whittington being run over on a foggy night in Piccadilly Circus and dreaming of his rise to fame and fortune, land us into a queer, disjointed pastiche of mock-ballet, nigger-minstrelsy, a burlesque prize-fight, and revue. Some so-so topical gags and lyrics don't help much, and, anyway, I can't see anything uproariously funny in the L.C.C. at any time or in the no-chocolates-after-eight rule after all these years.

However, perhaps I 'm all wrong and the new Hippodrome show is just bubbling over with mirth and invention. You can certainly hear it, and there are enough wisecracks for half-a-dozen musical comedies, though none are quite so funny as the silent film in which Jack Buchanan emerges as the conquering hero of every sporting event in the calendar. Incidentally, that business of the whole cast watching an imaginary Derby run round the front of the dress-circle doesn't give me the same kick as it did when I first saw *The Arcadians*, in 1908.

Kathleen Gibson, a pretty little dancer, gets one dance; Elsie Randolph makes a lively job of the balance; Fred Emney is a bovine peer; Alfred Drayton a vigorous parvenu.

But, of course, plot, dreams and such like are just a background for the deft touches of Jack Buchanan's light fooling. Get him into his stride and he can't put a foot wrong. Girls, have you ever seen a dream dancing? TRINCULO.

Sketches by Rouson

Hope for Oxford! Jack Buchanan, bluest of the blues

"Mr. Whittington," at the Hippodrome, is just a Dream—but introducing real horses and jockeys on the stage. Dick Whittington (Jack Buchanan) wins the Derby before a mixed crowd of friends and foes, Fred Emney, Alfred Drayton, William Kendall, Elsie Randolph, and Kathleen Gibson

"The Bystander" on the Riviera

Gossip from the Côte d'Azur

THE Monte Carlo Motor Rally held recently attracted so many people that the Principality was full to bursting-point. The day after their arrival competitors had to pass the special driving and brake tests, which filled the crowds of spectators with delighted amusement. Not so funny for the participants, however, for after an arduous run and much celebration on arrival, they had to do a figure of eight in the smallest possible space, reverse in a very restricted area, and then, on passing the finishing-post at full speed, jam on all brakes, and reverse at the quickest practicable speed. However, there were no casualties, and much mirth, and the subsequent entertainments amply made up for the various discomforts of the trip. There was a great dinner-party at the Grand Hotel, when Lord de Clifford made a most humorous speech, although he got unmercifully ragged for having to accomplish the greater part of the journey by train. That mysterious and all-powerful M.C. Club, under the auspices of Sir Walter de Frece, gave an excellent afternoon party, which entirely wiped out memories of little contretemps, such as digging oneself out of ditches en route from Athens, etc. The Sporting Club gala on Saturday night was consequently even fuller than usual, but there is still no one here to eclipse Lady Furness—her looks, clothes, and jewels are quite outstanding. Mrs. Frank Goldsmith was wearing a most striking black velvet dress with huge puffed sleeves, and a purple scarf tied tightly round her neck à l'apache, and, as hers is a neck that can stand it, this was most effective. Mme. Politzoff and Mrs. Grant Richards very attractive in white satin; the latter was groaning about the poverty of publishers, but as there were several authors present this was an argument quickly dropped. Later, in the bar, there was a distinct element of gaiety; one young man, who had found the champagne much to his taste, insisted on thrusting quantities of hard-boiled eggs down the back of almost our only remaining poule-de-luxe. She took it like a sport and murmured that any form of attention was welcome—and probably breakfasted off the eggs.

The lawn tennis season on the Riviera will soon be in full swing, and above are some of the "early birds" engaging in a ladies' double at Cannes. They are (l. to r.) Lady Crosfield, whose tennis parties in London are renowned, Miss Bramley Moore, Mme. Speranza Wins, and Countess Szapary, a very good player who is ranked second in Austria

"Toto" Brugnon, the veteran French Davis Cup player, and still, despite his age, one of the best in the world at the doubles game, having a knock-up on the famous Gallia Courts at Cannes

WHEN there is no gala dinner on everyone now goes up to Oscar's Restaurant to feed, and many people browse on his great speciality—stewed oysters. He did a roaring trade with his summer restaurant at Cannes two years ago, but, having had a somewhat heated altercation with his partner, transferred his activities to Monte Carlo—much to the latter's benefit.

THE whole Riviera, but particularly Monte Carlo, is mourning the death in New York of Mr. George Butler. Apart from his very delightful personality, he was the great tennis patron, and the Butler Trophy at Monte Carlo was the greatest competition of the season, for which all the best-known players of the world arrived. Through Mrs. Butler's generosity, this is to be continued—this season, at any rate—but his familiar figure will be greatly missed, as will that other great sportsman, the late Comte Jean de Madre, who did so very much for the polo at Cannes.

NICE is in the throes of a great dance tourney, which is taking place at the Casino Municipal. There are several English couples competing, but the greatest reception was accorded to Mr. Heath, with his partner, Miss Nellie Wood. He is an amateur dancer, being an architect by profession; nevertheless, last year, in this same competition, he won the F. J. Gould cup. The Piccadilly Pat was successfully demonstrated by English dancers; however, there is no doubt that the waltz remains the favourite of all dances, down here, at any rate. In a day or two Mr. Keogh, British Consul in Nice, will open a great exhibition of pictures, manuscripts, etc., which is being arranged to show what an immense part the British played in the development of the Riviera even as far back as 150 years ago. Our French hosts are just as interested as ourselves to ensure its being a great success, and innumerable and valuable loans are being sent from all parts of the country. One of the principal exhibits will be a particularly fine portrait of Queen Victoria by Winterhalter, painted in 1842. It is being especially sent down from Versailles.

A FRIEND of mine had a lovely party at the Réserve at Beaulieu the other night, the excuse for the fling being the night of the new moon, everyone there hoping it might change their gambling luck, which had not been too good. By the time they all had had two of the special Réserve cocktails, made of fresh tangerine-juice, etc., of most harmless appearance but surprisingly vigorous reaction, most of the party were firmly convinced that the moon was full, and were still further confused by swiftly-moving lights of motor-boats below them and aeroplanes above (there was a great aerial practice on). They all, however, did full justice to the "poulet à la Marseille," a most exciting dish, for the chicken comes in sitting on a lighted mass of twigs and herbs of every description, and this is the only place, short of Marseilles, where one can get it. Their small band, too, straight from the Madrid in Paris, is most seductive, never too loud and infinitely soothing. I hear from the participants it was voted the best party of the season.

AT Cannes the fun is fast and furious, and there are rumours of parties at Brummell's which have broken up at dawn in the most surprising circumstances. That "extra spot" had a peculiar effect on one young man, who, on departure, insisted on lying in the path of every oncoming car. His life, however, was saved by his friends, and only his dinner jacket suffered. The Carlton terrace has become more popular than ever for the morning "consommation," as they now have a most excellent small orchestra, which concentrates on gay tunes and does not interfere with conversation; after a late night it's very restful to pretend one is listening to the orchestra when one can think of nothing intelligent to say. Cannes races attracted big crowds, and the Mandelieu golf-course has never been in such good condition.

Across the Pond

Who's in America, and Why

At Palm Beach—Purely Social

Above, left; Miss Nancy Yuille, of New York, talking to the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Adare at the Colony Club, one of Palm Beach's most exclusive night-clubs. The Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Adare both travelled to America by the Aquitania a few weeks back

In New York—A Memorial Tribute

Fanny Brice, the American actress, laying a bouquet of carnations beneath the picture of the late "Flo" Ziegfeld at the Ziegfeld Theatre in New York. The cast of the present "Follies" all paid a tribute in this way to Mr. Ziegfeld's memory. Fanny Brice has appeared in many of the Ziegfeld productions since she first became a "Folly"

In Florida—For Polo

Major and Mrs. Rex Benson are wintering at Palm Beach, Fla., where Major Benson is playing polo. He plays regularly in the matches on Mr. J. S. Phipp's ground

In Hollywood—For Work and "Tourism"

Right: the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Elizabeth Percy and Lady Diana Percy having tea with Elissa Landi, in the Columbia studios at Hollywood. The Duchess of Northumberland and her two daughters are on their way to the East, and "stopped off" at Hollywood to visit Elissa Landi and see her working on her latest picture there

The Passing Picture

"The Invisible Man"

Claude Rains as the Invisible Man, and Gloria Stuart as the girl who loved him, invisible or not, in a scene from the film based on H. G. Wells's novel, which has been curdling the blood and raising the hair of its audiences at the Tivoli

ingenuity. Let us take our miracles neat, undiluted by the water of explanation. *The Invisible Man* is a classic of film-craft.

"The Fugitive Lovers"

ROBERT MONTGOMERY is one of the few American actors who wear evening clothes and speak what are called "sophisticated" lines with ease and distinction. But either he or his promoters seem determined that he shall shine in less full-dress parts. A pity, because there are others better suited, while his immaculate impersonations were unique and his "light touch—so essential to the proper conduct of an improper life," is now wasted. In *Fugitive Lovers* he is Paul Porter, an escaped convict who "jumps" a trans-American motor-bus and possesses himself of one of the passengers' clothes, and another's girl friend. Madge Evans is the girl, and she is such a good actress, and so attractive, that she makes it easy for Montgomery, and for Nat Pendleton, in the indeterminate rôle of a pursuer and villain with a heart (or humour ?). Actually, his is the best acting part, and he takes every opportunity to prove it. There is a tediously sentimental ending to a good, dramatic and unusual beginning and centre-piece.

"The Girl from Maxims'"

Stanley Holloway as Mongicourt, Helen Hedin, Leslie Henson as Dr. Petypon, and Frances Day as "The Shrimp," the Girl from Maxim's whom all the bother is about. This new screen excursion into Edwardianism in its gay moments is made by London Films, and is showing at the Leicester Square Theatre

"The Invisible Man" . . .

WHEREIN the camera achieves the impossible and *shows* you what cannot be seen ! An inspired theme extremely well handled by the distinguished English director, Mr. James Whale. Mr. H. G. Wells, whose brilliant imagination has always been anticipatory, is now engaged in the manufacture of scenarios. He will never find better filmic material than his old novel, *The Invisible Man*. Inevitably the praise must go to the director and technical executants. One cannot say that a dressing-gown and a surgical bandage are a good actor ! Claude Rains' voice is impressive, if a little monotonous and recitative, as the Invisible Man ; Gloria Stuart, pretty, but over-cosmeticked, has an almost impossible part: women are materialists, and cannot be sincerely affectionate to the intangible—or the said surgical bandage. Humorous episodes are even more effective than the gruesome, especially the volition of an apparently empty shirt, and the choral caperings of a policeman's trousers, forcibly removed by the invisible fugitive. The final transition from invisibility to visibility of the dying man is a masterpiece of technical

Another scene from "The Girl from Maxims'" : the Girl (Frances Day) telling the Doctor (Leslie Henson) where he gets off, and that apparently with hauteur in spite of her unorthodox dress

Show

By Sydney Tremayne

Right: Fay Compton as the school-mistress who goes for a holiday to the Tyrol, and finds there a brief and pathetic romance. Fay Compton played this same part in the play

Fay Compton watches the sun rise in "Autumn Crocus"

Left: Another scene from "Autumn Crocus," in which George Zucco, Diana Beaumont, and Jack Hawkins appear as three of the visitors to the little hotel in the mountains where the story is set

Ivor Novello and Fay Compton in "Autumn Crocus." Ivor Novello takes the part in the film that Francis Lederer originally played with such authentic Tyrolean charm on the stage

"Autumn Crocus"

So much depends on casting, and Fay Compton is perfect as the little school-mistress who finds romance in the Tyrol. Basil Dean, who directed, has his familiarity with the Sanger (*Constant Nymph*) ménage to assist him, and the Tyrolese background is excellently done. Any school-teacher on a holiday would inevitably fall in love with Ivor Novello, so one wonders why this film fails in realism. Perhaps it is because Mr. Novello is really more at home on the Riviera.

"Roman Scandals"

One always hesitates to recommend a picture primarily dependent on the personality of a particular comedian. To some he may be meat, to others poison. Eddie Cantor is, from my personal point of view, a perfect artist—his every expression, his every gesture so intrinsically funny that I often forget to laugh in admiration. In *Roman Scandals*, in which he dreams himself into a series of fantastic adventures in Rome during the reign of the Emperor Valerius, he is hilariously funny, and the lavish production contributes to an orgy of spectacular entertainment. The final chariot race is almost too good for mere comedy.

"The Girl from Maxims'"

Excellent sets and costumes reproduce Paris and Maxims' of the Toulouse-Lautrec period, when stockings were black, hats were monuments of—or to—millinery, and ladies got on to tables only just before gentlemen went under them. The theme belongs categorically to French farce, but certain aspects of the direction, and the acting of Frances Day, introduce a somewhat excessive exuberance, amounting to vulgarity. The restraint of Leslie Henson's comedy effects is grateful. Dare one suggest that the excellence and authenticity of George Grossmith's "General" derives from a club-to-club study of a military and moustached reality? Lady Tree, by sheer artistry and the charm of her speaking voice, lifts the character of an elderly wife to something approaching graciousness and pathos.

War or Peace? Scenes from "Whither Germany?"

"Whither Germany?", which so narrowly escaped being banned by the L.C.C., has been the most-discussed and most relevant-to-the-moment film among the recent showings. It gives an amazingly interesting pictorial history of Germany, from the pre-war days of the Kaiser's military parades and pageants, through the periods of war, defeat, and humiliation, and partial, slow recovery, up to the accession to power of Hitler and his Storm Troops. This is followed by a series of photographs of the displays and parades, the uniforms and flags, the marching and counter-marching, which have again become an increasingly important feature of German life

Goering and Goebbels

Above, left: General Goering, the aggressive Aryan and Nationalist, representing the Right Wing of National-Socialism. Right: Goebbels, who lays the emphasis on the Socialism rather than on the Nationalism of his Party

WHITHER?

WHETHER the present militarism of Germany is indeed only a manifestation of its love of dressing-up and display, and a demonstration to the world that "it is young, vigorous, tribally martial in spirit and proud of it," and not a return to the dangerous aggressiveness of pre-war days; whether Hitler will continue to control the revolutionary forces he has unleashed; whether he would support Goering or Goebbels, and what they respectively stand for, if it came to a real show-down between them, are some of the questions implied by the phrase—so urgently on the lips of the world—"Whither Germany?"

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

A couple of months ago we were told the Government were at their last gasp. Their early demise was common talk; it was only a question of "How long, O Lord, how long?" To-day you couldn't get a bet in the smoking-room against the Government running their full term. Everyone has made up his mind that the National patient will be preserved for another two years.

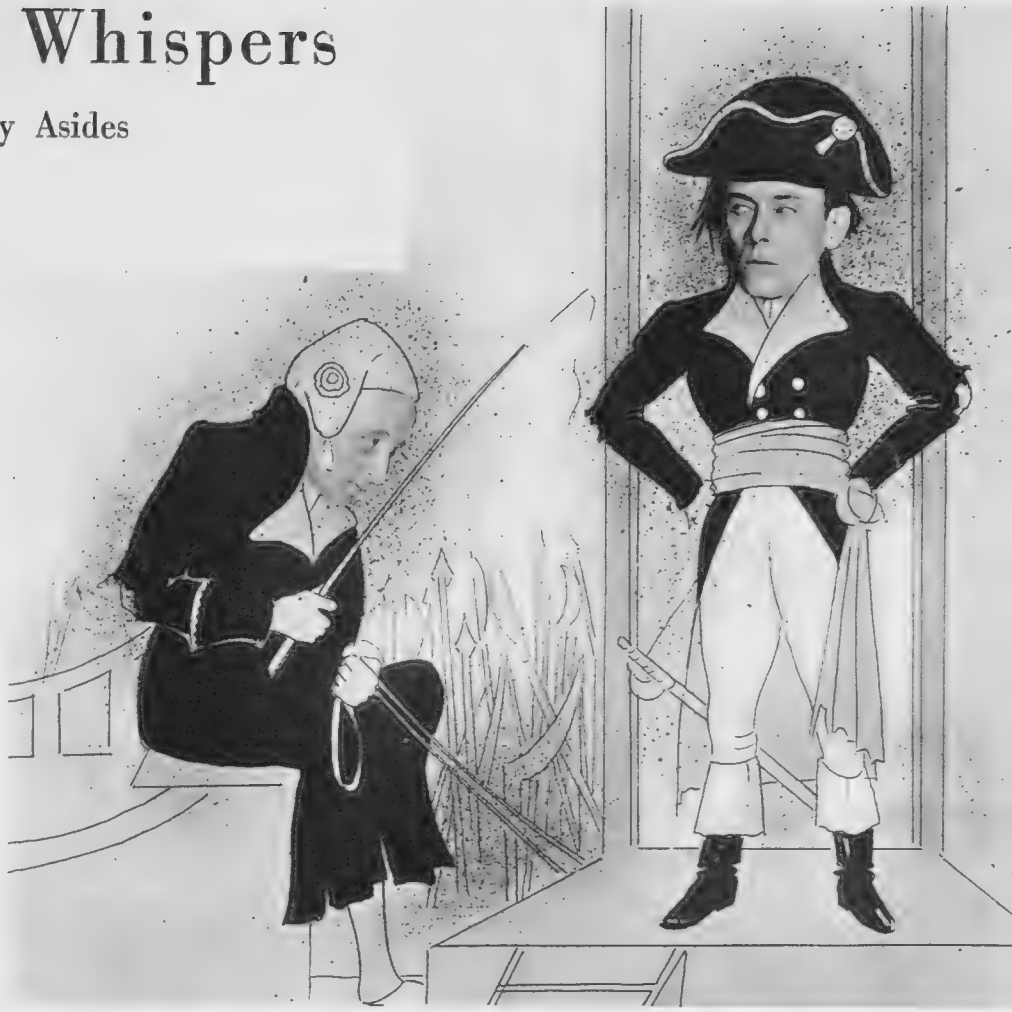
The indispensability of the present Cabinet is a topic that is practically certain to raise envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness in most places and in most company; but it has always been so. Every Cabinet suffers from the heaven-sent complex; the majority of critics from the belief that the simple addition of one would give the right answer.

A Liberal said to me the other day that the only sign of National unity he had discovered was the unanimous opinion of all sections of the Government's supporters that Sir John Simon should not continue as Foreign Secretary. But he thought that the present administration was a high price to pay for agreement on that point. When I asked him whom he would prefer, he said Mr. Churchill, if only because he was the most complete antithesis to Sir John that he knew.

Mr. Churchill, it is to be presumed, is holding himself in readiness for May, when the Report of the India Select Committee will be published. Then the fun will start. Lord Lloyd has dropped right out of the news. He is, I am told, a sick man and doesn't feel himself capable of doing all that his friends would like him to do. And Sir Oswald Mosley has gone off for a month's rest cure. These are not the stuff of which Dictators are made.

There was such a crop of rumours last week that the political correspondents have been gathering the harvest ever since. Lord Londonderry to go out as Viceroy in June; Sir Hilton Young to go to the Lords; Mr. Boothby to the Scottish Office, as an additional Under-Secretary; and the old, hardy annual, Mr. J. H. Thomas, to go to the Dogs, and the consequences of the upheaval to extend to the Back-Benchers. There was a lot of anxiety about.

I am sorry that Mr. Tom Williams is laid up. I have often introduced on this page this Socialist encyclopædia. Why is it that to be called an "encyclopædia" is complimentary but to be designated a "know-all" definitely offensive? One of Mr. Williams's colleagues, alphabetically approximate to him, might supply the answer.



". . . the tumbril grinding, creaking its way to the guillotine, with Captain Margesson in the rôle of Defarge, counting heads. Sir Henry Betterton is driving the thing as best he can . . ."

Who decides on these labels? I saw last week a picture of a Member with the legend that he is the best-dressed man in the House. Quite apart from the fact that a great number of people would not consider him so, is this to be his only claim to fame? If it comes to justifying our legislators by their personal characteristics, where shall we be? Mr. Emmott has to suffer, as it is, from continuous "the tallest." However, we can have a pleasant half-hour by classifying the driest, the wettest, and so on. What a merry idea!

At times the Unemployment Bill reminds me of the Paris tumbril, grinding, creaking its way on to the guillotine, with Captain Margesson in the rôle of Defarge, counting heads. Sir Henry Betterton is driving the thing as best he can, but it must be an unpleasant job when half his own Party come charging in revolt. Captain Crookshank has rightly been praised for his opposition—it was in the best Tory tradition—and Mr. Boothby, too. If they go on like this the two of them will be in the Government in no time.

There are comings and goings in Guildford, but no one gets much forrarder. Not the least of its attractions is the size of the contribution the Member is asked to pay. On the premise that the Conservative Party is still the stupid Party, the Conservative Associations all over the country continue to value their support at just how much they can get. In that in nine cases out of ten the Member is only too anxious to pay up, perhaps the Associations' premise isn't far wrong.

If Mr. Maxton can fight an election for £75 there is no real reason why any Member should meet the exorbitant demands made on him, even granted that he has nothing to recommend him except his cheque-book. It would be a much healthier state of affairs if subscriptions from Members of Parliament within their divisions were forbidden, and the allowance for election expenses considerably reduced. With the extension of the electorate bribery has declined; we have come a long way from the eighteenth century; it might still further diminish, one day to disappear. But there, that will never do—at any moment we shall be advocating election by merit, a most unpopular proposal.

E

(1) Miss Diana Royds, Mrs. Ken Homan, Mr. James Royds, Miss Ulrica Thynne, and Mr. Ken Homan sitting over their cocktails before they all went in to dinner

(2) Miss Louise Fermor-Hesketh, her brother, Mr. Thomas Fermor-Hesketh, and Mr. Oscar Paterson went to view the new decorations

(3) Miss Florrie Owen, who is one of the débutantes of the year, and whom Lady Cope will present at Court, was with Mr. R. E. Wagg

As Fresh as Paint

A "Re-Decorations" Gala Night Chez Quaglino

(4) Sir Robert Throckmorton talking to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire, who went round to have supper Chez Quaglino after "Gay Divorce" was over for the night

(5) Mr. Nicholas Durham and Mrs. T. E. Rougemont were in the same party as the Ken Homans and the Royds brother and sister on the gala night in Bury Street

Photographs by Swaebe

"Unfinished Symphony . . .", which will be the first film to be shown at the new Curzon Cinema, has run for nearly twenty weeks in Paris, for six weeks in Madrid, and has broken all records in Vienna and Berlin. The film was made in Vienna, and stars the lovely and fascinating Martha Eggerth, supported by Hans Jaray as Schubert, and Louise Ullrich. The Viennese Philharmonic Orchestra, the Opera Choir, the Boys' Choir, and Horvath Guyla's tzigane orchestra have all taken part in the musical side of the production. The story deals with the writing of the "Unfinished" Symphony, and the reason, which actually has never been discovered, why Schubert left this work uncompleted

Schubert Plays His Famous Symphony

"Unfinished Symphony . . ."

A Great Film at a Fine Cinema

The Viennese Film will have its English Première at the Gala Opening of the Curzon Cinema

Martha Eggerth

Louise Ullrich

At the new Curzon Cinema, Mayfair, which opens at 9.30 on March 6th, the policy will be to show only pictures of high quality, irrespective of nationality. The installations for heating, lighting, ventilation, projection and sound, the decorative effects, and the seating at this English "Roxy" are all 100 per cent. modern, scientifically planned, and de luxe. The Marquis de Casa Maury and Captain H. Morrison are in charge at the Curzon as managing directors

Looking at London . . .

COMMITTEE CONVERSATIONS

(1) At Lady Douro's British Industries Ball "At-Home": Lady Anne Rhys, who will represent Wales, and Lady Violet Pakenham, who will represent Britannia in Lady Douro's Britannia group, and Lord and Lady Dorchester

(2) Lady Lymington and Baroness de Cartier de Marchienne at a committee meeting in connection with the Cripples' Training College appeal

WRITERS AND SQUASH-PLAYERS AT DINNER

(3) The Hon. Theodora Benson, author, and Mr. Lovat Dickson, publisher, at the P.E.N. Club Dinner, at which the guest of honour was Mr. Sholem Asche, who wrote "Three Cities"

(4) At the lunch given by the Jesters' Club to the American ladies' squash team at the Dorchester: Miss Margaret Anderson, one of the American team, and Mr. K. C. Gandar Dower, who is playing first string for Queen's

WEDDINGS

(5) Mr. Richard Scrope, of Danby-upon-Gore, Yorkshire, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scrope, and Lady Jane Egerton, the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere's second daughter, leaving Brompton Oratory after their wedding

(6) Mr. John Cherry, the late Sir Benjamin Cherry's younger son, and Miss Corise Rankin, the elder daughter of Mr. Robert Rankin, M.P., and the late Mrs. Rankin, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

THE L.G.U. DINNER

(12) Miss Rhona Rabbidge and Miss Dorea Stanhope, both golfers themselves, who provided some musical entertainment at the Ladies' Golf Union dinner at the Park Lane Hotel last week

(9) Miss Eithne Pentony and Miss Diana Plumpton, two of the English ladies' golf team, who came back last month from a tour in South Africa, at the L.G.U. dinner

(10) Miss Hodson, Miss Doris Chambers, Miss Molly Gourlay and Mr. Roger Eckersley. Miss Chambers and Miss Gourlay were in the English team who went to South Africa

(11) Miss Diana Fishwick, who also went to South Africa in the team of five, talking, before dinner, to Mr. Robert Harris, the well-known amateur golfer

A FIRST NIGHT

Swaebe

(7) Lady Georgiana Curzon and Mr. G. Marconi at the first night of Emlyn Williams's play, "Spring, 1600," which John Gielgud has produced, at the Shaftesbury

(8) Mr. Francis Stonor and the Hon. Virginia Brett were in the Shaftesbury first-night audience. Miss Brett is the eldest of Lord and Lady Esher's three daughters and a débutante of this year

GOING OUT

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Lady Isabel Wodehouse, Lord Kimberley's sister, and Mr. Gerald Mitchell at the Ice Club. Mr. Mitchell is the Club's secretary

Lady Katharine Manley is an instructress at the Ice Club. She is the Earl of Northesk's sister, and was the first woman to cross the Channel by aquaplane

Mr. Jack Dunn, the seventeen-year-old skater, who was sixth in the European Championships at Innsbruck

Mr. and Mrs. John Dewar and Mrs. Kenneth Holway at Quaglino's "re-decorations" gala

Mrs. Eustace Storey was at Quaglino's with her husband and the Sweenys

Mrs. Charles Sweeny, in black lace, and Mr. Eustace Storey — both pensive

LAST week was hardly the one to have selected for a visit to Paris, in spite of the fact that the dress shows were in progress in the salons. These, to the female element, were, of course, much more interesting than the riots, and so they carried on nobly during the disturbances. Another safe place in the erstwhile Gay City was the top of the Eiffel Tower, from which one could watch or hear the French Cabinet resigning with fair frequency.

IF they insist upon making all this chi-chi in Paris, naturally London benefits by it. An examination of our night-life during last week alone would convince any visitor that there is no place in Europe so genuinely bright as our capital. The Savoy led off with Gloria Gilbert and her famous spinning-top dance: for the benefit of her admirers I can tell them that she is seventeen years old, and never goes anywhere without her mother. The Stock Exchange was well represented that night, by Mr. Claude Serocold, Mr. Jack Russell with a party, and Mr. Basil Hill-Wood, whose wife is such a wonderful trainer of Labradors. She won innumerable prizes last season, and, I believe, trains the dogs in the gardens of Montagu Square. Also by Mr. "Shrimp" Leveson-Gower, who is collecting a team to take to Lisbon and Oporto in April—to play cricket, *not* for a visit to the vineyards.

AT Ciro's Aileen Stanley has been crooning away to her heart's content, and also to the delight of many visitors. Lady Milbanke had a party for the Prince of Wales; the Philip Kindersleys, Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald (in pale green, "most fresh and spring-like to see"), Lord Stanley, the Peter Davieses, Captain Euan Wallace were there—all the Ciro-ish group. But it was not complete, for the Channons were not yet back from America, so I learnt—also that some of the head-

TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Capt. Fitzwilliam, the secretary of the British Field Sports Society, and Capt. Jocelyn Lucas, the Sealyham King, at Cruft's last week

Mrs. Hugh Lloyd-Thomas looks at the cockers. Her husband is Equerry to the Prince of Wales, and owns Destiny Bay

Some members of that most exclusive "club," Cruft's, accepting with aristocratic indifference the enthusiasm of their admirers

lines in the New York papers rather tried to pull the leg of Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor. At the Monseigneur Frances Williams is giving some real "hot rhythm" singing, but possibly the week's high spot was provided by "no-monkey-business" (his nickname) Quaglino. Curtains, carpets, silks, mirrors, settees, Lalique lights, and tapestry have for the past three months been making their way into Bury Street, going into his restaurant by the same door as the chickens and frogs. The result was seen at the grand gala on Tuesday night. For such an occasion most people wore tail-coats and white ties—I regret to say that two who were improperly dressed on this momentous occasion were Captain Jock Campbell and Mr. Eskdale Fishburn. Some of those who wore the Mexican hats provided by the management were Sir Jock Jardine, Lady Warrender, Miss Pat Charles, Lady O'Neill, Mrs. Fred Astaire, and Quaglino. In Mrs. Kenneth Homan's party was Miss Ulrica Thynne, known as one of Melton's loveliest. Lord Rothermere, Lord Templemore, and Captain Neville Tufnell all had parties; there were about three hundred other diners, and many had to be turned away at supper.

And on Wednesday the Café de la Paix, in Swallow Street, had a gala night in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. Among the "Society hostesses" who have undertaken to be of assistance to the management on two nights a week in future are Lady Marguerite Bligh, Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, and Miss Diana Mainwaring. And the chaperone is to be none other than Lady Charles Cavendish, who, when not in London, will put through a call each night from Lismore Castle to see how her charges are behaving.

Cruft's Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall told us that there were at least 3900 dogs whom their owners considered good enough to win prizes. And when one looks at the long list of prize-winners it seems strange that any dog went away without winning some prize of sorts. In Great Danes and Irish wolfhounds, Mr. James Rank won prizes, Lorna Lady Howe was in her best form judging the Labradors, and Lady Northesk won a prize with her dachshund. Unfortunately, not being invited to the judges' luncheon, I am unable to report on the speech made by Mr. Nigel Colman, M.P. An event next week which promises well for some catty snippets is the annual general meeting of the Siamese Cat Club at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, on Wednesday. Nearly one hundred members are expected to rally under the chairmanship of Mrs. Wade. Compton Mackenzie and Val Gielgud are prominent members, the former owning sixteen cats.

"A Sleeping Clergyman," at the Piccadilly, now has been provided with a companion by the author, James Bridie, in the shape of a drunken divinity student in *Marriage Is No Joke*, at the Globe. At the Royalty, Sean O'Casey's *Within the Gates* gives us biting satire on the conventions of the day; and at the Duke of York's Theatre is an international revue on Chauve Souris lines, given by the "Blue Bird" company, with Yascha Yushny as the leading spirit. Variety has been quite cheerful, although Ethel Barrymore had rather difficulty in "getting over" at the Palladium. She followed Max Miller's turn, which cannot have been easy with that audience. The Victoria Palace reopened again in variety, with Cicely Courtneidge and eighty Guardsmen on the stage, and a long programme besides. Encores were very numerous on the first night. At the Opera House, Manchester, *Here's How!* had its premier performance on Tuesday night. Lily Damita and Rosemary O'Malley Keyes were due to go up there during the week-end in a large, grey Rolls-Royce, but the owner-driver was detained on business, so they went in the theatrical train on the Sunday instead. Mrs. O'Malley Keyes has left for Cannes, so the family is rather split up, with her daughter June going to Biarritz, and Rosemary tripping on the boards. I hope that Princess Alexis Mdivani sent her a telegram on the first night, as all best friends should do. Highbrows will shudder when they hear that Mrs. Claude Beddington has gone "all jazzy." After this first night she said that she had heard the jazz orchestra she had dreamed of for years. She almost emulates "Sir Edward" talking to "Duggie." She says "Speaking as a classically-trained-in-Dresden musician, I *feel enthusiastic* about the wonderful orchestration—the saxophones simply melt the spinal marrow." Nous verrons! George Robey's song about nudism will probably have a greater public appeal.

And, talking of real music, Schnabel twice filled the Queen's Hall last week in the Courtauld-Sargent concerts, playing three Mozart concertos. Mr. Samuel Courtauld, who is a great admirer of Schnabel, should be very pleased at the success of these concerts—there was not a vacant seat in the house for either performance. There was a Mahler symphony given on Wednesday night at the B.B.C. concert: this always sets the knowing ones talking. However, as most of them only know that Mahler was a Viennese conductor, and usually muddle him up with Bruckner, we can leave them to talk. It was the Ninth Symphony. Mr. Francis Toye remarked, "I heard it thirty years ago at the Châtelet, in Paris. I don't think I want to hear it again for a similar period."

MR. PEEPS

A Correction

Mrs. Byron-Frye is not Mrs. Walter Payne's daughter, as stated in a caption last week. We apologise for the mistake.

The Importance of Being Presented

In Nineteen-Thirty-Four

A Gallery of Débutantes

Below: ***Lady Diana Finch-Hatton***

Lenare

Lady Gloria Vaughan

Bassano

Lady Jane FitzRoy

Yevonde

Yevonde

Miss Diana Chaloner

Lenare

Lady Cecilia Wellesley

Elwin Neame

The Hon. Laura Palmer

Lenare

Miss Chloe Buxton

● *Lady Diana Finch-Hatton is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham, and is eighteen.* ● *Lady Gloria Vaughan is the eldest of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne's three daughters, and has inherited much of her mother's dark-haired and dark-eyed beauty. Lady Lisburne is giving a dance for her daughter next week.* ● *Lady Jane FitzRoy is the Duke of Grafton's eighteen-year-old sister, and is four years older than her brother. Their mother is now Mrs. Gavin Hume-Gore.* ● *The Hon. Laura Palmer is Viscount and Viscountess Wolmer's second daughter, and a granddaughter of the Earl of Selborne. She and her cousin, Miss Diana Gwynne, are coming out together.* ● *Miss Chloe Buxton is Mrs. Richard Buxton's débutante daughter.* ● *Miss Diana Chaloner is the only daughter of the late Captain Richard Chaloner and Mrs. John Francis, and a granddaughter of Lord Gisborough; she is not yet eighteen.* ● *Lady Cecilia Wellesley is Earl Cowley's younger sister; her mother, Clare, Countess Cowley, is giving a dance for her in March, after which they are both going abroad, flying to Athens and Cairo, until the season begins.* ● *Miss Charmian Fane is the attractive elder daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Fane; her mother, Lord Clinton's daughter, gave a dance for her in January.* ● *The Hon Nefertari Bethell is Lord Westbury's sister, and is seventeen; her coming-out dance is to be at Ham House, which belongs to Lord Dysart, her great-uncle*

Tunbridge

Miss Charmian Fane

Lenare

The Hon. Nefertari Bethell

ROUND

Taking a View of Hollywood

Lord Decies and his younger daughter, the Hon. Moya Beresford, have been in Hollywood, to visit which it has definitely become the fashionable thing for English people in the U.S.A. to do. Lord Decies and his daughter were photographed looking from a balcony out over Hollywood's famous Boulevard

Miss Diana Clarke and Lord Blandford walking round at Warwick. Lord Blandford's Tommy Mac was second in the last race of the meeting

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham and Major Carlos Clarke were at the Warwick Meeting. The Smith-Binghams between them had three horses running, but had nothing placed

"It's a Long Way"—And a Wet Day

A group at the Tipperary meet, on a damp, Irish day, near Cahir: Mrs. A. E. Ellis, who is doing her first season as Master, Mr. J. O'Brien, Mr. S. R. Armitage, the Hon. Sec., Miss Murdock, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Masters, Mr. F. Wise, an ex-Master, Mr. Pennefather, and Mr. Villiers Morton; in front, Mr. Wise's small niece

Sunny Morning at Ashby Folville

The Quorn had a beautifully sunny, fresh morning for their meet at Ashby Folville, and a fine day's sport to follow; here are Mr. Charles Mills, Mrs. Mills and Lord Grimthorpe at the meet

ABOUT

Sir Samuel Hoare, President of the L.T.A., presided at the Davis Cup draw in the Council Chamber at the India Office last week. With him is Mr. Roper Barrett, the Chairman (left). It is twenty-one years since the draw for the Davis Cup took place in England

Peggy Wood and Norma Talmadge greeting England from the Europa, on which they arrived at Southampton from America. Peggy Wood brought a nice piece of American literature with her

Left: Mr. Lloyd George driving off at the Estoril golf links. During his stay in that sunniest of sunny spots he met many Portuguese Generals and officers, and paid tribute to their army's gallantry in the Great War

Camels for a "Desert Song"

Mr. W. Buchanan-Taylor and Mr. Howard Riddell well mounted on a nice, stocky pair of "hacks" and all ready for a twenty-mile camel-ride into the Algerian desert from Bou-Saada

"Midnight Howlers"

A scene from the 1934 revue produced by St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, and called "Midnight Howlers." All "Les Girls" of the revue, including the beauty-chorus trio in the photograph, are undergraduates. Many Cambridge amateurs have, in the past, made a name on the professional stage

A Racing Reverie

Sandown Shocks : By "Regular"

The Warwick Meeting

Above : Mrs. Pepys talking to Mrs. Peter Wiggin (Miss Livingstone-Learmonth that was)

Left : Mrs. Pat Dennis, Miss Rosario Scrope, and Miss Marjorie Leigh in committee at the Warwick jump meeting

Top, left : the Comtesse de Pret-Roose and Mrs. "Boy" Wilson walking across the paddock at that cold Sandown meeting

THE fact that this paper now comes out a day earlier undoubtedly means everything in the world to you smart people who can't wait to see what that horrid photographer (oh, yeah !) has made of you ; but it 's a pain in the neck to Uncle Regular. I promise you that Uncle will go on being just as fresh as ever, but his news may not be.

SANDOWN was a whole lot of fun for the people who are impervious to the cold and the ones who don't mind backing losers. Even on racecourses individuals devoid of either sense or feeling are extremely rare, so I think I may describe the meeting as being only a moderate success.

LORD WESTMORLAND arrived cunningly decked out in two overcoats, one blue and the other brown. Speculation ran high as to who was the rightful owner of the outside one. Rumour had it that it was a present from Carnera—anyhow, it must have belonged to a very big man.

ANYONE who fancies Delaneige for the National must have been delighted by his display on the first day. Personally, I am still a little doubtful about him getting the trip at Aintree, as he is a very free goer, and resents any kind of restraint. This sort usually "blow up" after jumping Valentine's second time round, but perhaps Delaneige may be the exception.

I DO not know Delaneige's owner, Mr. J. B. Snow, but, so far, he appears to have existed all right without me, and I understand that this American is a most excellent sportsman. Personally, though, I do not think I can quite forgive him for his perplexing nomenclature of his numerous horses. Imagine if the Aga Khan or Lord Derby followed suit and the former prefixed all his horses' names with Dick and the latter with George. A charming tribute, no doubt, but hardly one likely to find favour with the public.

AS readers of this page are well aware, no one admires Fawcus's riding more than I do, but Sandown did not prove to be his lucky course. In the opening race he waited too long on Dusty and got beaten a head ; and on the second day he got shut in on the rails on Last of the Dandies, and found himself in a box from which Houdini himself would have found it very difficult to get out.

THERE is not another course in the world where it is more dangerous to try and come through on the inside than Sandown. Once you get shut in there your chance is gone. Why, oh, why, this fatal fascination for the rails ? By pulling round perhaps two horses you ensure yourself a clear run, and yet the very best jockeys prefer to go for an extremely problematical opening on the inside. Always remember that though beaten horses and non-tryers will pull out and make room for a bus to go through, tryers with a chance won't ; and why the devil should they ?

IT was not, I am afraid, a very fortunate week for the Ranks, though in victory and defeat Mrs. Rank never loses her unruffled calm, cherubic smile, and host of admirers. May the luck soon change !

AFTER the success of Cottage Pie, perhaps those people who blamed Eric Foster for not beating him on Roman General at Newbury will realise that they were talking through their pockets. Cottage Pie is a very improved horse. If I 'd realised this prior to Newbury I 'd be considerably richer.

THE biggest blows were the defeats of Kellsboro Jack and Pahokee. Kellsboro Jack jumped carelessly and eventually paid the penalty by a bad mistake at the water, which took all the stuffing out of him. This will probably teach Kellsboro Jack to be more careful in future. It will teach his backers the same lesson.

AT an early hour on Wednesday morning I happened to be at the Dorchester, where, by the way, the entertainment is so good to look at that the Mem told me to leave the room. At this comfortable hostelry was also my friend Harry Brown, who has a wonderful eye for a good thing.

WHILE discussing good things in general, he was kind enough to tell me that Pahokee belonged to that category on the Thursday. Unfortunately, Mr. Brown (one of the greatest tryers I know—he will take on anything) has been unable to imbue Pahokee with his own enthusiasm—at any rate, for racing.

BE the day ever so foul and the results ever so contrary to what we had wished, there is always someone, even if it 's only your bookmaker, who 's just as happy as a sand-boy.

ON that awful Thursday I met Mrs. "Boy" Wilson fairly beaming with delight. In the first place, she had one of those little warm things in her pocket. Don't misunderstand me. This little bit of fun was an electric battery which keeps the cold out and makes you feel a million dollars. Secondly, she 'd backed a 10-to-1 winner ; and thirdly, a racing journalist bought her some crême de menthe. It sure was a big day for Mary.

ANOTHER popular Regular who went home very happy was Fred Astaire, who had a good touch on Swift and True, beautifully ridden by a fellow-countryman in Brother Bostwick.

I DO think Fred has a rotten time. In the first place, he has a charming wife, and when he 's not with her he 's singing and dancing with Claire Luce, and finally, when he goes racing he never seems to back a loser. Yes, it 's just too bad about Fred.

WHEN I rang up and learned that Lingfield had been abandoned, the Mem suggested that I should stand her ninepenn'orth of dark. Someone had told her of a great film called *The Massacre Raider*, which sounded pretty good to me, so off we went. When we got there it turned out to be *The Masquerader*, which shows how easy it is for even the most infallible of us to make mistakes.

At St. Moritz and Kitzbühl

The Week's Snow Survey

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Alan McLeod have been honeymooning in St. Moritz; they were married last month. Mrs. Alan McLeod was Miss Joan de Knoop. Her husband has an aeroplane, and uses it a good deal on the London-Skye route, Skye being his home country

Below: Mrs. Alan Dower, the wife of the Member for Stockport, has been at Kitzbühl with her husband; she was photographed at the Alpenhaus Hochbrunn, a lunch haunt of all energetic Kitzbühl ski-ers

Right: Captain Jack Coats in the doorway of the starting-box at the top of the Cresta run. He was a hot favourite for the Grand National, on February 5th, and won it—for the third year in succession

Below: Lady Campbell, Sir Malcolm Campbell's wife, who specialises in skating and sun-bathing, is with Captain Neville Ross (left) and Colonel Colin Defries

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Adrian Holman has been at St. Moritz, and has a very good black and jade green ski-ing outfit. Her father, Lord Tyrell, the British Ambassador in Paris, has been in St. Moritz too

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Gustaaf Miesegaes are another St. Moritz honeymoon couple. Mr. Miesegaes is Dutch and his wife is English; she was Miss Noel Orr, daughter of the late Captain Orr and Mrs. Pelham Cochrane. She was a "deb" of last year

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

THERE are fine rumours going around about the captaincy of the England cricket team next summer. Are we to stand by Douglas Jardine, or is he to be sacrificed to make an Australian holiday? There is controversy about the matter in relatively high places, though, to my way of thinking, the answer is perfectly simple.

If Jardine is playing well enough, and can spare the time, he must, without question, captain England again. He is, in point of fact, the only man we have who is both astute enough and sufficiently relentless to meet the Australians at their own game. He has no use for sentimentality on the cricket field. Cricket, to him, is a form of warfare: he plays it, so he has told us himself, with the gloves off. He is, indeed, the embodiment of the Test Match spirit; he gives nothing away.

What is more, Jardine is a fine tactician, and although some people maintain that he does not get the best out of his men, I am convinced that he has the gift of inspiring those under him with his own fighting spirit. There, having played under him myself, I can speak from experience.

BUT suppose, for a moment, that the sentimentalists have their way, and Jardine is not invited to captain England. Who is to take his place? Brian Valentine, do you suggest?

Valentine is certainly a delightful and rapidly improving cricketer, and his day may come, but surely he is not yet experienced enough for the job. Percy Chapman, then? He will have to strike very much better form to be worth his place in the team, even if we agree that friendliness is to be preferred to dourness.

No, the fact is that Jardine is the only real candidate for the captaincy. And why, in the name of common sense, should there be any hesitation about choosing him?

YOU might think, from some of the nonsense you hear, that he has been guilty of unsporting conduct, whereas he has merely been carrying Test cricket to logical and legal conclusions which have received the public support of M.C.C. There would, I am certain, be very strong feeling against any attempt to conciliate a certain section of Australian opinion by deposing Jardine. M.C.C. have no need to be conciliatory. The body-line controversy, I profoundly hope, is forgotten, and I say, as I have said before, "Il faut cultiver notre Jardine."

Scottish Inter-'Varsity Golf

W. Irvine, Captain of Glasgow, W. Hiller and J. Angus, of Glasgow, E. L. Thomson, of Edinburgh, D. R. Buchanan, D. C. Wiseman, W. Alford, of Glasgow, J. Johnstone, J. Birrell, J. Davidson, W. J. Miller, and W. N. Darling (Secretary), of Edinburgh, at the Annual Edinburgh v. Glasgow match, played at Gullane and won by the former by 10 matches to 4

Commander G. W. and Mrs. Hillyard

Right: Commander G. W. Hillyard, "the maker of Wimbledon," photographed at home on his seventieth birthday with Mrs. Hillyard, who won the Women's Championship six times in fourteen years

Mr. J. B. Waters, Mr. C. P. Magwood, Mrs. Waters, Major J. B. Cordes, Mrs. J. C. P. Magwood, and Miss St. Leger. Some of the guests at the Harlequins' dance

The Harlequins, accompanied by their Columbines, dance at

Mrs. Webb, Mr. N. Webb, Mrs. Colin Laird, Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. D. H. Macdonald, Mr. F. E. Dunkeley, the Captain, seen standing, and Miss V. Canning

The Universities' Athletic Union, which embraces players from Manchester, Cardiff, Liverpool, Nottingham, Bristol, and Reading Universities, in play at hockey against the Royal Artillery, at Woolwich, who are seen scoring

Above: Mrs. V. M. St. Clair Morford in play against Miss Susan Noel (holder) in the Ladies' Annual Open Squash Rackets Championship at Queen's Club. Left: two more competitors at Queen's: Miss C. Bowes (U.S.A.) and Miss E. Manson Bahr

THE tragedy of it is that all this pother should arise over a game of cricket, and no one would blame Jardine if he decided that his time might be far more profitably employed with a fishing-rod in Hampshire than with a cricket bat at Trent Bridge. I can't make up my mind, incidentally, whether anyone will wield a fishing-rod with much profit this year, for this has been a most baffling season for anglers. All the winter those of us who are content to pursue every fish in his season have wondered unhappily where the red-finned roach and the tigerish pike have disappeared to. The rivers of the south country have been gin clear and below summer level: the weeds have remained in festering masses, waiting for a push of water to clear them away. There has been no current to move our floats, and most decidedly there have been no fish to set those floats dipping and sliding into the depths. The fish have gone, darting like pale shadows to their holds in the weeds, until we have begun to think that they must bury themselves in the mud.

ON the stretch of the Hampshire Avon where I ply my angle the winter has been most dispiriting, and now, up the creeks and carriers, the salmon are lying, battered and scarred after their struggles to pass Ringwood Mill. What sort of a salmon year will it be? We have been thinking that in the shallow water the destruction of spawn must be heavy, though this can only be proved in years to come. In the meanwhile, will the salmon be able to run up through the shallows?

NOT that I care very much for salmon-fishing myself. The first thrill when the fish takes is something to remember, and the first rush when he tears line off the reel has its points. Perhaps, though, I have never been sufficiently modern in my methods. When I have caught salmon it has been with the old-fashioned sixteen-foot rod, and a heavy line. Nowadays they use thread-line, with a breaking strain of only four to six pounds, and a short, slender rod.

THERE is a thread-line expert who fishes with me, and it is a joy to watch him spinning, casting with such delicate accuracy. It is a joy, also, watching him trying to keep below his fish, since he dare not risk the strain of the current. Have you ever tried to keep below a large salmon, or even a moderately large pike, on a bank intersected by streams and runnels, and made treacherous by reed-covered ditches? A pretty business, I can assure you.

For me, though, trout every time, and fishing fine, and using your wits against game fish.

TURNING now to less peaceful pursuits, F. J. Perry's latest victory over J. H. Crawford in Australia should remind us that we can at last claim to have the greatest amateur lawn-tennis player in the world. We seem to be accepting the fact very quietly: if Perry were an American his name would be stuck up in the newspaper headlines far more frequently than it is in England. If only it were reasonable to hope that we should retain this sense of proportion and that young geese should not be hailed as swans on the strength of an unexpected win! I 'm afraid, though, that we shall start shouting soon enough, and already the application for Wimbledon tickets has created a record. In the meanwhile, our salutations to Perry.

IF we can claim a world champion at tennis, we dare make no such claim at heavy-weight boxing, nor are we likely to be able to do so for some years to come. I went the other evening to watch two young British hopes, Jack London and Frank Borrington. Both these lads are exceptionally powerful. They can hit mighty hard and take punishment, but apparently neither of them has any real instinct for the fighting game. They were slow, cautious, heavy-footed: they barely made a fight of it, but landed swinging blows now and again from long range. Shades of Dempsey! How refreshing it would be to see a young heavy-weight who moved swiftly on his feet, and hit quickly, and knew that a punch need only travel six inches! These ponderous swings, these slow, dull bouts, how desperately depressing they are.

the Dorchester

Mr. W. W. Wakefield, the famous Harlequin and International forward, who no longer plays, but wields the whistle, and Miss Rosemary Reynolds

"Soup for the Evening"

Groucho *Harpo*

A Mad Marx Medley: The Four Brothers in "Duck Soup"

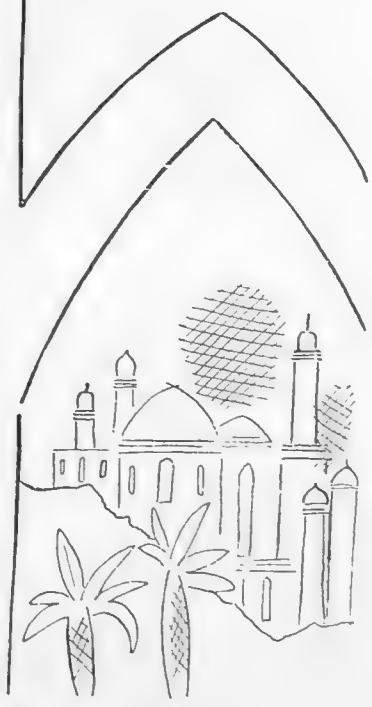
Chico *Zeppo*

"Duck Soup," the Marx Brothers' latest attack of screen lunacy, is all about a country called Freedonia (Ruritania gone Marx), of which Rufus T. Firefly (Groucho) becomes ruler. He collects round him a secretary (Zeppo) and two spies, one of whom, Pinky (Harpo), drives his motor-cycle combination for him, and the other, Chicolini (Chico), has a peanut-stand and the portfolio of the Minister for War. And there is a war, too, during which the four brothers and a benevolent millionairess (Margaret Lumont), are besieged in a house which they defend against the whole enemy army. The film, which is packed from start to finish with typical Marxian absurdities, slapstick, sense and nonsense, ends in an orgy of fruit-throwing, with the millionairess as chief target.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Tunbridge



THE smart travelling costume shown above comes from Harrods' Sports Department. It has the now almost ubiquitous three-quarter length coat and patch pockets and collar of leather. The material is brown tweed and the blouse is of brown and white striped washing silk

SLIPPER satin, shoulder-straps and a sash distinguish this lovely aquamarine blue gown from Fortnum and Mason. Jewellery by courtesy of Tecla. Photograph by Paul Tanqueray

SOMEONE at last has seen fit to simplify our lives. It is Mr. Rodier to whom we are already deeply indebted for so many lovely woollens, jerseys and scarves, but now he has produced a series of matching patterned and plain materials which make the assembling of an ensemble child's play.

Take "Mix" for instance, this is a wool with a slightly crêpe-like surface in self-coloured plaids (grey, green, brown, rose or blue) and has no less than four matching plain materials in different shades of the same colour. You could have a short coat of the plaid, a dress of plain light colour and a top coat of a darker shade—all would match exactly.

Then there are several types of plain materials, such as "Criblyne" with which an assortment of patterned materials may be worn, striped, checked or plaid, often in different weights according to whether a dress or coat is desired, but always matching their plain sisters exactly. "Burlys" is another ensemble and consists of a plain woollen material and a striped fabric to match. The

coloured line, blue, brown, yellow, red or green, is about a quarter of an inch wide and alternates evenly with a stripe of natural colour. Marshall and Snelgrove's have this.

THERE are a lot of stripes this spring. Striped linens as well as woollens. Debenhams have a lovely striped linen in which three colours, red, blue or beige, alternate in lines of equal width. Another charming one had multi-colour stripes of every imaginable colour, red, yellow, blue and green evenly spaced on a white ground. Delicious for beach dresses and for blouses to accompany new spring suits. Jaeger's have a whole range of pin-striped models, comprising blouses, shirts, shorts and dresses. There are a few spots, too. Debenham's have one in wool embroidered in two colours on a plain dark ground.

Spots in woollen materials are either woven or embroidered, but in silks they are printed in varying sizes, and are evenly distributed or overlap each other.

Fine hopsack weaves are extremely popular. "Rux" is a Rodier version which can be obtained from Harvey Nichols in a range of lovely colours. Many look and feel as if they were all wool, but are often made in a mixture of wool and rabbit's fur. "Duvlap," a new fabric incredibly thin and soft but extremely wearable, is one-quarter rabbit's fur. Harvey Nichols also have this and it should be both seen and felt.

Diagonal stripes are good too but better in self-colours. Woollands have a particularly smart range with a slightly flecked surface.

IN silks flower designs win every time. There are innumerable versions showing rather conventionalised flowers on a dark ground, navy, green or black, but the flowers themselves are multi-coloured. Three families of silk reign at the moment: crêpe-de-Chine, crêpon and marocain, the last-named very heavy, though there are several outsiders like satin, taffeta and moiré, which have a good chance. Chiffon is seen again, also in lovely flower designs but larger than their daytime sisters and of course on light grounds. Ducharne has a novelty called "Organsoie" which is patterned by scrawls and vermicelli squiggles in a darker shade. It is of silk, does not crush (after all everything is comparative) and makes delicious "deb" evening gowns. M. G.

A TWEED coat from Marcel Rochas has rolled-back revers and is buttoned in front. The pale blue felt hat from Maria Guy is trimmed with a blue aigrette and the matching gloves and bag are of black cloqué silk from Alexandrine

Dorvyne

Married, Engaged and Single

Three Portraits of Social Interest

Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Partington

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Partington is the good-looking wife of Lord and Lady Doverdale's only son. She was married in May last year, and before that was Miss Audrey Pointing, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pointing, of Sydney, Australia. The Partingtons have been staying out at St. Moritz; they have a London house in Hertford Street

Bassano

Miss Elspeth Bailey

Miss Jan Ricardo Bassano

Left: Miss Jan Ricardo is the daughter of Colonel Wilfred Ricardo, D.S.O., and one of the most attractive and popular people around London. She was bridesmaid last month to her sister, Miss Mary Ricardo, when she married the Hon. Henry Hope, Lord Rankeillour's second son. Colonel Ricardo has a house in London, and also owns Hook Hall, in Surrey

Above: Miss Elspeth Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Asbury Bailey's younger daughter, is engaged to Mr. Michael Gold, the son of Mr. Harcourt Gold, the well-known Oxford rowing Blue and Coach, and Mrs. Gold. Miss Elspeth Bailey has been studying sculpture for the last year or two, and has worked at the Slade. Her elder sister married Mr. Reginald Duthie last summer

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

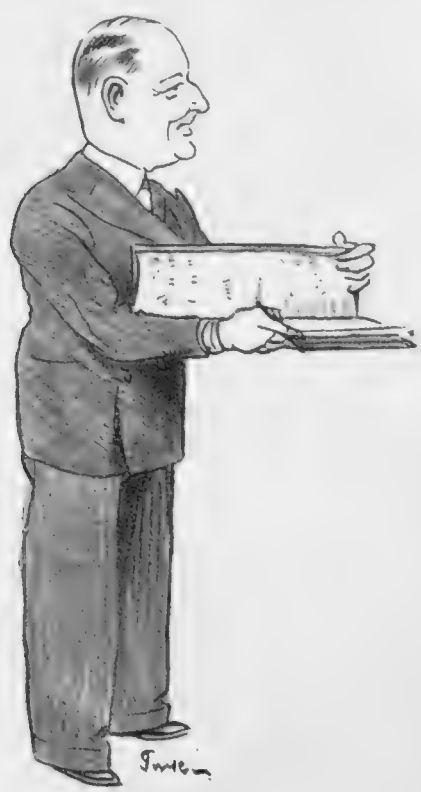
Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

It was Murray Griffith's birthday the other day, but as it 's not always tactful to give the ages of directors of companies, we must content ourselves with saying that Mr. Griffith has been a member of the Stock Exchange since 1877. He has been on the board of many companies, including that of the Metropolitan Railway, which he left on the formation of the L.P.T.B., and he is a Life Governor of the Foundling Hospital. He often wears a brown bowler in the House, and equally often has a group of listeners round him when he is telling one of his innumerable stories and anecdotes of the past or the present.

Robert Marzetti is a member of the ame venerable vintage; he doesn't come nto the House much nowadays, but always looks very fit when he does appear. He is regular frequenter of the National Liberal Club. Billiards used to be his great hobby, but he has now given this game up for bridge.

The Stock Exchange Walk doesn't, as a ule, get talked about much before April, ut this year, thanks to Geoffrey Horne, agers have already been sought, offered, nd taken by and on intending competitors. eoffrey Horne was bet fifty to one in overeigns that he wouldn't walk to Brighton n twelve hours. Without any fuss, or any raining either, he set out to do it, and failed y less than five minutes to win the bet. his was bad luck, but a very fine effort on is part, completely untrained as he was. everal members are now trying to get noney laid against them if they take part n the walk in May, but Geoffrey Horne's exploit has made the market sticky, as other walkers will naturally do some hard training before they set out. However, even then they may find the time of eleven hours, fifty-five minutes and some seconds difficult to beat.

Geoffrey Horne is a young broker in the gilt-edged market who goes actively about his business and takes it pretty seriously. He is shortly off for a Swiss holiday. Jim Bomford, of the same market, has gone to Austria; he has now become one of the members who can be relied on to go a-winter-sporting quite regularly. "Peter" Robinson has gone to Austria, too. Miles de Zoete has come back; we wonder how many people have noticed what he left out at Kitzbühl, and whether this has enabled him to escape from his nick-name? He takes after his father, Herman de Zoete, in being good at most games. And, talking of travellers, "Sol" Lazarus, who is on his way to Africa, is, of course, a member of the Committee of the Benevolent Fund, and not of the Committee of the House as we said when we wrote him up about three weeks ago.



Claude Rowe

Murray Griffith

Claude Rowe is the second of the three brothers who are, quite appropriately, in partnership with F. J. Seal. In spite of his "fishy" name, we hear he can't swim. He used to race a lot, and owned two famous but unlucky horses in his day. One was the crack jumper, West Indies, which he sold to Captain Sassoon, and which fell and broke its neck the third time out after the sale. The other was Don Pat, of the great "doping" case; his trainer was unfortunate enough to be warned off after the case, in spite of the fight Claude Rowe put up on his behalf. Nowadays, Mr. Rowe's hobbies are the Café Royal, and the same menu every night.

Robert Marzetti

For the enlightenment of those who were puzzled by the heavy mourning—black tissue paper, blotting-paper wreath with black trimmings, and large R.I.P. notice—which decorated a corner of the gilt-edged market one afternoon about ten days ago, we would explain that these were to mark the lamented departure of a certain number of the employees of a firm who were giving up their seats in order to work in their office. The firm had used these seats for many years, and will be much missed. A particular gap will be left by the disappearance of the ample figure of John Graham, so well-known for his "Scotitudes" and his unfailing fund of technical knowledge.

A junior partner in a firm of jobbers who was noted for his keenness and ability, had been retailing to an enquiring broker all the market information about a certain company, when the broker mildly asked: "Is that all you can tell me?" The jobber, irritated by the question, replied, "Perhaps you can tell *me* something?" "Only that I was a director of the company for many years," answered the broker. This conversation was soon reported round the market, and the young jobber spent a good deal of his afternoon answering questions about the company. At last he smelt a rat, and the next genuine enquirer who came up to him was positively astounded at the reply he got.

Here 's a one-track mind—the man who wanted money for a new railway, and when asked where the line was going, said "Probably from a hundred to a hundred and fifty."

And here 's another. Jobber tells broker a price. Broker: "I 'll just go and quote that to my man on the telephone. Can you help me at all?"

Jobber: "Yes, I 'll come in a little."

Broker: "Thank you very much. I think I shall be your way."

Jobber (*absent-mindedly*): "Well, come in and have a drink if you are."

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Wales Redivivus

Right: D. H. Swayne and A. L. Gracie, the old Harlequin International, and Mrs. Gracie. Below: Mr. John Tilling, Mrs. John Tilling, Miss Cecily Paget Bowman, and Mr. Humphrey Tilling, some of the guests at the Harlequins' Ball at the Dorchester. More pictures on page 298

"Feet, Harlequins, Feet!" Members of the Famous Club Who Watched Their Step

I SUPPOSE one day I shall learn how to regulate the ventilation in a sleeper. Tricky things, these sleepers. For years now I've wondered whether it is better to have the window open and be blown out of bed or keep the window shut, open the cowls in the roof, switch on the fan, and forget to turn off the steam heating. In the meanwhile, there are always the milk-churns at Carlisle, and I seem to be spending most of my nights either going to Edinburgh or returning from Dublin. All in the great cause, I need hardly add, of Rugby football.

IT might be worse, though. Now and again some Rugby football actually does muscle in. I remember—and if you detect in my remarks an unworthy asperity, it is due to the fact that I awoke to greet the dawn at Euston only an hour ago—I remember some slab-sided, pulley-hauley, dreary International matches in the last few years which were not worth a journey across the road, let alone the Irish Sea.

Contrariwise, there were games rich enough in drama and incident to provide material for the picaresque novels of Mr. Eric Linklater, who mixes Rugby football and Greek mythology to some purpose. Such an one was the meeting of Scotland and Wales at Murrayfield ten days ago. Forgive me for harking back to it, but it really was rather a surprising affair.

Here was a Welsh team which, a fortnight previously, had collapsed before England playing the best football we have seen for years. Not the same team, certainly: it contained six new forwards, a new scrum-half, and V. G. Jenkins at full-back. What I cannot understand, though, is why the Welsh Selectors failed to pick those forwards and that scrum-half against England. Mysterious people, Selectors; it is only when you come to pick a team yourself that you begin to understand the mystery.

Anyway, here was Wales resurgent, and the football they showed us was not only full of fire, but co-ordinated, fast and crammed with ideas. There is a point where Rugby football ceases to be merely an amusing scrap, with the devil taking the hindmost, and becomes a great game, alive with rhythm and purpose. It is difficult to express this fundamental difference in straightforward, simple terms, for it is anything but simple itself. You will understand, though, what I'm driving at—that afternoon when a whole match, or even a brief portion of a match, makes you sit up, tingling with excitement, aware that something more than chuck-and-chance-it is going on down below there.

This happens when fifteen men suddenly cease to be separate individuals and work as units of a team, when the forwards find themselves shoving and rushing as one man, and the backs think in terms of combined attack and organised defensive covering. It is only then that Rugby football develops beyond the stage of competence in the elementary principles of the game—passing, dribbling, scrummaging, kicking—and becomes an affair of planned strategy and deliberate scheming.

This is what happened to Wales ten days ago, though how and why it happened we shall never know. Three-quarters and forwards alike backed up and covered like All Blacks, and the whole team played with an intensity and determination which was altogether outside the run of ordinary International matches.

IT may be that Wales felt they had to vindicate themselves, but whatever the reason was, Scotland were held and beaten in the most unexpected manner. I don't know that it would be possible to single out any of the Welsh players, with the exception of Jenkins, for especial praise. Jenkins was superb; he gave a truly masterly display of full-back tactics. The other Welsh players behind the scrummage, though, were individually good, but not brilliant. No one will pretend, for example, that Claude Davey is another Arthur Gould. Davey is a disconcerting opponent, for all that. At any moment he may race through and fling himself in a rib-crushing tackle which will leave any centre wondering for the rest of the game exactly what hit him and where it came from and when it would hit him again. A centre in that frame of mind is hardly likely to be himself. It was one of these tackles, incidentally, which made Lind drop the ball, and allowed Idwal Rees to score the first Welsh try.

HERE I may raise a minor point. After the match several of my Scottish friends were inclined to blame K. W. Marshall for failing to stop Rees, though he was clear away in the centre of the field and no help was coming across from either wing. In these circumstances a three-quarter should always beat a full-back, and Rees merely had to swerve away and dive over the line. I have heard, mind you, of full-backs who definitely did try to catch their opponent's eye, and virtually hypnotise, or at least confuse him, and thus lure him into tackling range. This sounds absurd in cold print, and I like to imagine that if ever I had been presumptuous enough to run with the ball no full-back would have caught anything but a wallop under the jaw, and yet I can believe that it might be possible. Still, a full-back is a full-back, and not a Svengali, and he hasn't much hope of touching the three-quarter in full flight down the centre.

WHAT about the rest of this Welsh team, though? The forwards were grand. Their scrummaging was not outstanding, and they had a back-row man who did not push an ounce, but concentrated on the Spring-Heeled Jack stuff all the time. Nevertheless, I should say that on their form against Scotland these Welshmen may count themselves the team of the year.

POSSIBLY, by the time you read this, I shall have another tune to sing, having seen Ireland play England in Dublin, and these Irishmen are always dark horses, without a doubt. Scotland may settle down, too, before the Calcutta Cup match comes along; but in the meanwhile let us salute the new Wales.

The "Rugger" Club with a Sting:

The Wasps Unbeaten in Their 67th Season

Inmates Captured in Their Nest by our Special Artist, H. H. Harris

"Farmer" W. H. S. Cairns (the Secretary) and Frank Murphy (the Treasurer) seem to have been badly stung for their clothes

G. E. Taylor (the President) played for the Club in 1886

Below: N. Compton, young brigade, plays for the club in 1934

L. C. Shrubsole played in 1887 and has not worn an overcoat since

R. M. Sweyer (the Captain), and still going very strong

Right: H. W. Barnes helps to keep the bar

Dr. W. L. Roberts, a stalwart in 1898

G. S. Airey, one of the Colonial players

W. P. Garbutt—

"Hoppy" Hopkins—

"Cookey" Cook—

—and "Nosey" Parker

Music (and all That) : Ballet, Concerts and Canaries

By "Melos"

ALTHOUGH it has been seriously stated in a responsible newspaper of anti-Nazi views that the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Herr Fürtwangler was "not worth crossing the road to see," I am not going to suggest that the shrill enthusiasm which greeted the first performance of the *Ballets Jooss*, at the Gaiety Theatre, was partly political.

The Jooss Ballet people are not anti-Nazi by a very long chalk, and the name of its musical director is Herr Cohen—and an uncommonly good musician he is, too, a clever composer, and a pianist of distinction. I like to think that these visitors were welcomed, as I welcomed them, because they are fine artists, and not for racial reasons. They would surely prefer to stand on their own merits, which are ample.

Nothing sillier than this suggestion that Fürtwangler can do nothing right musically because Hitler has not expelled him from Germany, and that Bruno Walter, whom Hitler did expel, can do no wrong, has ever appeared in musical journalism in this country. Both are fine, though not immaculate, conductors. The moment criticism is mixed up with matters of religion and politics, it ceases to be criticism at all. There let us leave it.

At the piano, Franz Lehar, whose new musical comedy, "Giuditta," has had a great success at the Vienna Opera House. With him is Richard Tauber, the tenor, who is reported never to have sung better than at this performance

AT the Gaiety there is only one item which was not seen during the Jooss season at the Savoy last summer—the ballet *The Seven Heroes*. It is based on a fairy-tale by Grimm, and is a slender piece of sophisticated fooling about the doings of seven peasants who were henpecked, and who, in order to prove their valour, went out to slay a bear. There does not seem to be much scope for humour here. None the less, it is extremely funny, rather in the Mickey Mouse way, and it is danced in precisely the right spirit.

It was a happy thought, as well as a graceful and courteous one, to use some music by our own Henry Purcell. Purcell, too, was played during one of the intervals on two pianos, which form the sole musical accompaniment for all the dancing. It is extraordinary that one misses an orchestra so little—though the Gaiety is not a particularly small theatre. That is largely because the pianos are played with such perfect rhythm, and also because the dancing and miming are alike so subtle that one concentrates closely on every motion. Elaborate orchestral noises might conceivably attract attention to themselves, and homogeneity would be destroyed.

But not every ballet company could be run on these lines, and I am not advocating a general dropping of orchestras for all ballet performances.

PROKOVIEV has now written five piano concertos. He was himself the soloist in the performance of his fifth last week at the B.B.C. concert. It is a dry work. Rather fun for a quarter of an hour or so, it gets on the nerves later—with its persistent use of the piano as if it were a slightly comic instrument of percussion, and nothing beyond that. He writes amazing passages, and can play them; but beyond a certain breathless rhythm, there is nothing.

Herr Bruno Walter steered the work along with infinite skill, and also gave us an exquisite performance of some Mozart. But I do not like Herr Walter's Brahms. He made the Fourth Symphony positively oleaginous. Perhaps Prokoviev made him feel that way. Brahms is better, however, without those Mäe West curves; he never said in his music: "Come up and see me sometime," and it is waste of time to try to make him say it.

UNFORTUNATELY, I was unable to get to the Crystal Palace to hear the bass canary. This is no relation to Mr. C. B. Cochran's famous Singing Duck, and is, I gather, more of a musician. These bass canaries are called Roller canaries, perhaps because they sing rolling bass songs, and, like so many singers in this country, they come from Germany. An expert on the subject has declared in all solemnity that "a bass canary can pitch its note as deep, or deeper than any human bass." I am now waiting for an opportunity to hear a *basso profundo* with yellow feathers and a beak stand on its perch and give forth a note to rival Chaliapine's D below the bass clef.

SCHUBERT'S "Unfinished," and his Symphony in C are works of consummate beauty. But, so far as one can grow tired of masterpieces, one is a trifle weary of them. It was a wise thought on Sir Thomas Beecham's part to take down from the dusty shelf for the last Philharmonic concert Schubert's little—and little-known—Symphony in B flat (No. 5). Only a small orchestra is employed, and the work is childlike in its purity and innocence, without being in any sense jejune.

Herr Moriz Rosenthal was the pianist in a Chopin Concerto. The work is somewhat redolent of a faded drawing-room—Chopin's weakness in orchestration emphasises his defects—but it still has many beauties, and this fine virtuoso made the most of them. Herr Rosenthal is a veteran now, but there is virility as well as delicacy in his playing.

Lassalle

Sidney Beer, who is conducting a concert with the London Philharmonic Orchestra at Queen's Hall to-night, is to conduct the six concerts of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin next season

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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

Is there an absolute standard by which the excellence of after-dinner speeches may be assessed? I suppose not. But it really does seem to me that if you can wake up at seven o'clock the next morning, and laugh all to yourself out loud at the recollection of it (in spite of the prospect of imminent arising to write about it), then that speaking must have been out-of-the-common humorous. That was what I found myself doing after Lady Denman's wit at the Ladies' Golf Union dinner at the Park Lane Hotel, and, though no printed word can do justice to her drollness, please do take it on trust from me that all the two hundred and fifty guests were kept laughing as long as ever she was on her feet. Of course, she said the right and fitting thing about Miss Lloyd-Williams's able and cheerful chairmanship of the L.G.U., and the success of the South African tour, and then she turned to the events of the year in her own personal golf. "Here is the greatest of them," she said. "I have a granddaughter, aged one-and-a-half years. The other day she was being shown pictures, which she identified with great intelligence as 'cat,' and 'cow,' and 'dog.' Then came one of Joyce Wethered at the top of her swing, and instantly she said: 'Granny.'"

"Lady Denman, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen"

WE had Mr. de Montmorency, anticipating great and lasting results from the South African tour, and paying tribute to the very charming lady who captained our team, the "Queen Mother," as he understood she had been christened out there; we had Lord Younger poking fun and Dickens' quotations at Mr. Darwin, and Mr. Darwin doing the same at a good many people; and Miss Lloyd-Williams and Miss Chambers herself, who grew almost lyrical—or should one say epic?—in her tribute to South Africa and her team. "All I did, I did with the greatest of pleasure for a team as loyal as ever a team could be." That was a sapient saying, over which future captains and, above all, future teams may well ponder. But there was no time for pondering at the dinner, for in a few minutes we were listening and laughing again at the splendid fun of the Western Brothers. And when they were gone, the toast-master called upon Miss Rabbidge and Miss Dorea Stanhope to entertain us—which they did. Miss Stanhope crooned to us a haunting "How d' you do, English Champion, how are you?" and so through all the speakers, and their speeches—a real tour-de-force of improvisation, much of it—and personally reduced me to blushes on BYSTANDER behalf by a verse or two addressed to US.

WE had E. M. Delafield (disguised as Mrs. Dashwood) promising to carry out Lady Denman's plea that some time she would add the golfer in the home to her other pictures of country life; we had Lord Derby, who told us that since we had swallowed Lady Denman's statement that the L.G.U. Council would sit from eleven till four without smoking, he felt we would swallow anything he liked to say to us. So he told us that he was on a golf course and in a bunker each time that he was winning a classic race. (Of course, nobody has ever seen him lead in a winner!) I have a suspicion that we shall all of us keep an extra-special eye on his two-year-old, Bunker, by Fairway out of Wandering Maid. Having made us laugh, we were all the readier to listen when he dropped into serious vein and spoke with real feeling of the work of the National Playing Fields Association. It was good—and also bad—to be told that the women golfers have raised double what the men have done for that splendid object.

IT always seems to me rather satisfactory when defenders manage to hold on to titles, or home members to events, in spite of an invasion by players who, on paper, ought to beat them. Naturally, conditions for golf in India are not exactly the same as in this country: it is needful to get acclimatised. Nor is it helpful to have so many new and wonderful things to do and see, apart from golf, that concentration on the game is reduced to nothing. At all events, the Ladies' Open Golf Championship has stayed in Calcutta, where it was played, in the keeping of Mrs. Angwin, who already holds the Championship of Northern India. And, moreover, the runner-up, Mrs. S. K. Scott, and the two semi-finalists, Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Duncan Smith, all come from there too. It was supposed that Miss Diana Esmond, or her sister Lulu, would carry off honours, but Miss Diana did not find her game, and Miss Lulu could not, on account of a terribly blistered hand, which meant that, with the best will in the world, she could not grip her club.

However, it seems that Mrs. Angwin is a golfer thoroughly worthy of her honours; she contrives to hit the ball an amazing distance, considering her lack of physical power, and to be a good iron player into the bargain. She used to play for Renfrewshire when she was Miss Sadie Malcolm. At Calcutta she won her semi-final, 3 and 1, from Mrs. Thomas; while Mrs. Scott had a thrilling time of it before winning on the last green from Mrs. Duncan Smith, who was runner-up last year. Mrs. Angwin won the final 4 and 3, and then had the honour of receiving the Cup from His Excellency, the Governor of Bengal.

All this, of course, happened before the earthquake. Mrs. Alec Johnston, one of Surrey's ex-captains, was out there, but did not arrive in time to have any practice for the championship. However, India has many things to offer, beside the Royal and Ancient game. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

"Bystander" Women's Golf in 1934

April 10—Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth.

April 17-20.—Northern Foursomes at Birkdale.

June 12-15.—Scottish Foursomes at North Berwick.

Sept. 12-14.—Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges.

Oct. 9-12.—Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

Above: Miss C. Mordaunt (Royal Mid-Surrey), a left-handed player

Right: Miss E. Black picking the ball out after doing a hole in one. Her sister, Miss M. Black, looks on

Roehampton, 1933—Very Much in Retrospect

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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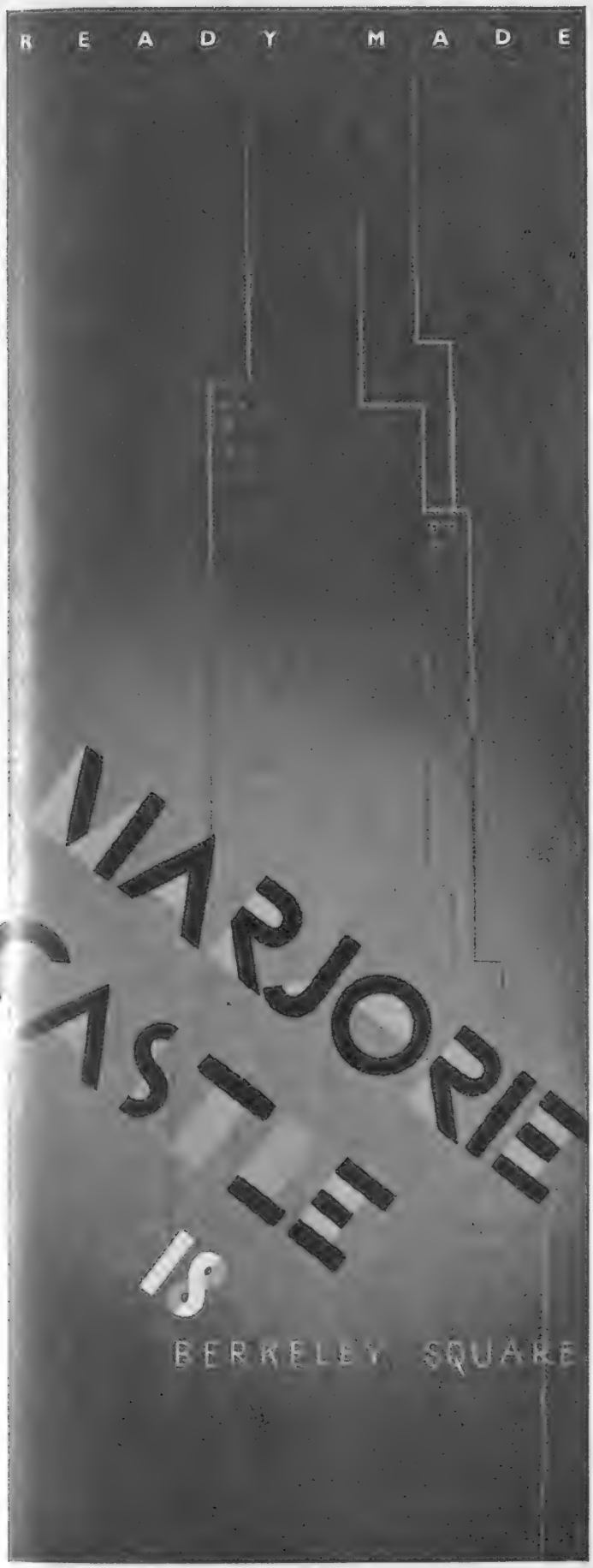

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Golf Clubs at Home

A Monthly Medal Competition at Southport and Ainsdale

(1) E. P. Taylor (Captain of the Club) and H. MacMullen. (2) J. Lawrie, E. C. Coleby, and Captain G. E. Openshaw (Secretary). (3) F. T. Hargreaves, T. S. McKenzie, G. H. Almond (all three ex-Captains) and N. Hodgkinson. (4) W. Wallace-Jones and F. Orr (a director). (5) J. B. Millward and W. H. Croasdell. (6) J. Crompton and J. Pearson. (7) J. J. Power and E. C. Gregson. (8) A. E. Tarbuck and E. G. Smart. (9) A. P. Douglas and E. A. Willington

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Desperate Feats—and Some Laughter

By

A. G. Macdonell

HERMANN KÖHL was one of the three airmen who made the first East-to-West crossing of the Atlantic. It was in 1927 that he and his fellow-German, Hünefeld, and the Irishman, Fitzmaurice, made that famous journey in the aeroplane Bremen and so earned immortality. But Herr Köhl had had some adventures before he set out on that supreme adventure, and he has written about them in a book called *Airmen's Escape* (The Bodley Head; 8*s.* 6*d.*). An officer in a pioneer battalion at the outbreak of the war, he transferred to the German Flying Corps and soon made a name for himself. His outstanding feat was the destruction by bombing of the French munition-dump at Blairgies, and he was in command of a squadron that was told off to bomb Paris in 1918. On this flight, a night-flight, his machine was hit by anti-aircraft fire, and he was forced to land on the French side of the line. Quite undaunted, he and his pilot started to walk towards the trenches on the chance of slipping through and rejoining the army. It was a long and incredibly difficult march. Once they were arrested and escaped by running. When they met Frenchmen in the darkness — for, of course, they could only move at night — they posed as Englishmen, and vice versa. Cyclist patrols pursued them. The two men got separated. But Köhl pushed on indomitably until he reached a shell-hole in the American front fortified zone. But a French corporal spotted him and he was caught just when he was getting ready to make his final dash. The moment he reached his prison-camp on the Loire, Köhl decided to try to escape. His first attempts were failures and led to solitary confinement. With the signing of the Armistice came, not release for the German prisoners, but worse treatment. "There were no French prisoners left in Germany to worry about." So plans to escape were started again, and Herr Köhl hit upon the extraordinary audacity of escaping at the actual moment that roll-call was going on. The bluff worked, and he walked out of the prison and was free. Resisting the temptation to take the easy and obvious route to Holland, the fugitive went southwards to Switzerland. At Villefranche he risked everything and, speaking execrable French, bought a ticket to Bourges and there caught the express to Lyons. Then came cross-country journeys, nearer and nearer to Switzerland; then an amazing piece of bluffing past the passport officials at Bellegarde; and then the final feat of courage and endurance when this invincible aviator swam the Rhone to safety. *Airmen's Escape* is a most thrilling book.

Noël Godber

whose latest book, to which he has given the title of "Twin Bedsteads," has just been published

Morna Stuart

author of "Night-rider," a novel published by Messrs. Arthur Barker Ltd., of Garrick Street

"FIRE BRIGADE," by Raymond Otis (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a curiously uneven novel. The writing is admirable, the descriptions of scenery and life in a half-forgotten town in New Mexico are admirable, and the scenes of the fire-fighting by the volunteer fire brigade of students, lawyers, doctors, and so on, are most vivid. But Mr. Otis has an odd way of working up to something and then sheering off suddenly and leaving you in the air. He has several characters who are continually on the point of bursting into life and somehow they never achieve it. There are several situations which are almost powerful and dramatic, and yet, at the crucial moment, Mr. Otis drops them like a brick and flits away to something else. The story is simple. Two men and a woman and a baby. The husband is the last person in the town who knows that the baby is not his, and the final crisis is the choice that the woman has to make between her two lovers. *Fire Brigade* contains two grave defects. The first is the chronology. The action of the story jumps about through time, backwards and forwards, as if it was a novel by an advanced Einsteinian who did not admit that time existed at all. Even in the hands of Conrad this method was worrying. In the hands of Mr. Otis it is frankly tiresome. The second great defect is that Mr. Otis stages his series of fires that have been lit by a "fire-bug," leads us with dark hints up to the identity of the fire-bug, gets us all guessing and deducing and sleuthing, and then—hey, presto!—the fire-bug turns out to be a totally new character, who appears for half a page and then vanishes for evermore. So insignificant is he in the plot and the development of the book that Mr. Otis does not even bother to give him a name.

MUCH may be forgiven to Mr. Thorne Smith, his Rabelaisian vulgarity, his quite unnecessary preoccupations with things that do not preoccupy you and me, his fourth-form schoolboy obsessions. For he can be, at times, most gloriously funny. *The Night Life of the Gods* (Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*) deals with a scientist who invents a ray that can turn a human being into a stone, and then turn the stone back again into a human being. He meets a wood-nymph, or a demi-goddess, or a leprechaun, or whatever you like to call it, who can do the opposite and turn statues into human beings. They set out together and have some superb adventures, the main one being the conversion into flesh and blood of statues of the Greek gods and goddesses in a museum. The fun gets wilder and wilder. Neptune (what a pity, by the way, to give Latin names to Greek gods) must have fish to eat, and he raids the fish-market. Diana cannot be restrained, from shooting arrows at strangers. Venus makes love to every man she meets; Bacchus is introduced to cocktails; Mercury shoplifts and picks pockets; while Perseus, the professional hero, is always ready to join in any scrap that is going. It is a riotous and Rabelaisian mass of nonsense. But it made me laugh aloud, over and over again.

"NIGER," by Lewis Grassic Gibbon (Porpoise Press; 12*s.* 6*d.*), is the life-story of that extraordinary Scotsman, Mungo Park, who was obsessed all his life with the mystery and romance of the River Niger. No one knew how it ran or where it came out into the sea, or if it came out into the sea at all. Some said that it ran inland and buried itself in the burning sands of African deserts. Young Park determined to go and find out for himself, and after he had qualified as a doctor in Selkirkshire, he seized an opportunity, in 1788, to explore his heart's desire. He had astonishing adventures, and endured unbelievable hardships. He was held prisoner by the Moors. He marched endlessly with slave caravans. But nothing could defeat him, and he spent the better part of nine years in Africa before he came back to his native village. He married and lived in peace for five years, but the lure of the Niger was too strong, and in 1805 he was off again into the grim and savage jungles, and some time towards the end of that year he was murdered by natives.

Niger is a story of an epic character and two epic enterprises which holds the reader throughout.

Is There a Career in the Air?

By Charles Ward

At Hamble, Our Air University

AIR Service Training, started as a commercial University by Sir John Siddeley, in 1931, has fully justified his foresight, and the backing given to it by the Air Ministry. Last year, nearly 6500 hours' flying was carried out on School machines, which range from light 'planes to high-speed Service types, and include also amphibians and aircraft with three engines. Eighty-seven foreign officers and civilians attended the School, and amongst pupils taking the long course of three to four years are ex-public school boys from Charterhouse, Rugby, Winchester, Uppingham and Malvern. The wisdom of investing £1000 in providing a young man with the knowledge for a career in aviation has been questioned, but this flying business offers more opportunities for the trained man than many of the older professions, one reason being that it is extending so rapidly. Many of the people holding the good jobs of to-day have graduated from other professions and businesses; others are ex-pilots, qualified by experience to run air-lines and airports. Aviation as a commercial proposition is becoming so complicated, however, that there is a need for trained men who have done more than learn to fly, and have been taught the mechanics, economics, and politics that will rule this air age. At Hamble, there is a course for everyone: private or commercial pilot; wireless operator, engineer or instructor. The success of the School in attracting so many pupils from abroad testifies to the high standard of instruction which is maintained.

Flight Without Power

THE progress of gliding and soaring in this country during 1933 has been in the direction of quality, and not quantity, says the editor of the *Sailplane*, which is the official organ of the British Gliding Association. The scarcity of ideal sites which are near centres of population, coupled with the vagaries of the English climate, act as a natural check on the growth of a movement which has reached large proportions abroad, particularly in Germany. Active gliders and soarers over here are limited probably to a few hundreds, though some thousands are interested enough to join clubs and attend a certain number of meetings. The London Club, which operates at Dunstable, and can offer a free aerial view of the Whipsnade inmates, its near neighbours, as an additional attraction, has piled up an incredible number of hours in soaring during the year, and the Ulster Club is another energetic concern with a good record. A British cross-country flight of twenty-two miles was made during August, and numerous climbs to more than 1000 feet have been carried out with the aid of those mysterious invisible thermal currents used by the birds. It is proposed to establish a permanent site with club facilities at a centre where flights of the highest performance are possible, and Sutton Bank, in Yorkshire, seems the most promising. The B.G.A. holds its Annual Meeting on Friday, February 23rd, when there will be an opportunity for suggestions and donations from those interested in a sport that is unique in offering the cheapest air experience combined with healthy exercise.

Have You Ever Seen a Leopard in Spats?

HESTON Airport is not merely up-to-date, but often ahead of time. Anticipating the demand for accommodation in 1934, an extension to the stores and another large hangar are being built, the former as an adjunct to the Service hangar, and the latter east of the lock-ups, with an area of 13,000 square feet. The aircraft of the best people wear spats, partly to keep the legs of their under-carriages clean, but also to gain that spot of extra speed which results from streamlining the wheels. Airwork of Heston has its own spat, easily distinguished from a spat of another make by its elegance. Mr. Lindsay Everard is the latest owner to succumb to the lure of "Airwork wheel fairings," as the prosaic blue-print calls them, and his "Leopard" is being modified accordingly. Sir Francis Humphreys, British Ambassador in Iraq, has bought a "Leopard," which is being delivered to Baghdad by Flight-Lieut. Hawkins, but the chronicler forgot to tell me whether it also had spats. I feel it would have been wise, if only to impress the Arabs. Of more serious import is the increase in flying hours at the Heston School for last month, the total showing an increase of more than 200 per cent over January, 1933. The race for the *Morning Post* trophy will take place from Heston on May 26th.

Turkey Buys British Dope

I HOPE I am not committing a breach of international etiquette by making the suggestion that selling dope to Turkey would appear to be like sending coal to Newcastle. But, as the *Times* correspondent points out, dope is also a spirituous paint used for shrinking and waterproofing the fabric used to cover aeroplane wings, and the recent order from Turkey for 45 tons, received by "Cellon," of Kingston-on-Thames, is for this variety. There are two British firms which manufacture dope—Cellon and Titanine-Emaillite, and both enjoy a considerable export trade by virtue of the excellence of their product. It pays to use the best dope, for tight fabric contributes to high performance, corresponding to correct tyre-pressure on a motor-car, without which driving is uncomfortable.

"Going down?"

"Air Travel"

A NEW aviation magazine, *Air Travel*, published by Pitman's and edited by Squadron-Leader Burge, has appeared on the bookstalls, just at the psychological moment when arrangements have been made for all the air-lines on this side of the Atlantic to inter-connect. The magazine is also concerned with commercial air transport as a business and is well illustrated. I liked particularly the articles by "H.W.", who is Wing-Commander Howard Williams, R.A.F., dealing with Africa from the air.

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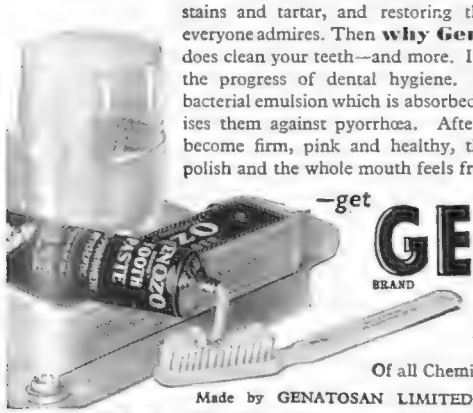

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IT is a call to arms—and legs, and every part of that miraculous co-ordination, the human body—"be healthy, and be beautiful." Superfluous fat and other symptoms of age are pathological. They can be averted and *cured*, therefore the basis of all beauty and rejuvenating treatment is general, and genuine physical culture. This is the belief of all who have studied the subject seriously, and it is the practical experience of Gaston and Andrée, who are as famous for their physical perfection as they are as dancers.

They have opened a salon at 12, Bruton Street, Mayfair, where exercise, massage, sun-ray, electrical treatment, radiant heat baths—all that they have proved essential to physical fitness and beauty, are incorporated under their personal supervision. A qualified medical man will be in attendance, and electrical and ray treatments are given by experienced, hospital-trained attendants.

AT the opening of this interesting and, one may say, important departure, the Countess Eileen de Armil, in an interesting and characteristically enthusiastic "introduction" expatiated on the promulgation of health and beauty, which is the ideal of these eminently suitable exponents. She told her audience, already impressed by the decorative charm of the little salons and the modern equipment, and cheered and rested by the hospitality dispensed, that in the course of their professional engagements Gaston and Andrée had travelled widely, and in whatever country they found themselves, had studied the dances and health cults of the natives, and had often derived valuable knowledge from peoples still considered savages, but whose health and physique were often superior to those of civilised races. A result of this is their belief in the beneficial effects of sun-light and one of their rooms is fitted with a variety of artificial sunlight lamps (vita-ray, ultra violet ray, etc.), for the stimulation of capillary and deeper circulation, and the treatment of all the ailments caused by our inclement climate. A course of treatment in this room, with the newest form of vibro-massage to stimulate flaccid functions, is equivalent to a holiday in the sun.

THE slimming course, which includes "rowing" and other exercise apparatus, and an electrically worked rubber reducing-band which effectively dissipates the fat globules apt to assemble around the hips and abdomen, is perhaps unique. M. Gaston has a horror of "middle-aged spread," and its attendant limitations. He has passed his forty-seventh birthday, and those who know him as a dancer do not need to be reminded of his suppleness and agility, while, at the opening of the salon, he demonstrated the fact that the human body can be perfectly symmetrical, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, lithe and comely after the age when too many people begin "not to bother."

MLLE. ANDRÉE revealed her delicious little figure in a pink silk "swimming suit," "no deception possible" (as the conjurors say!). She is beautifully made, but it was only after her association with Gaston and the application of his "health and beauty" methods that she won the prize for the most perfect figure in the British Isles. They are worthy professors and tutors of the art and science of physical perfection.

THE courses, which are for men and women (Monday, Wednesday and Friday are reserved for feminine patrons; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for male), are strictly private, and very inexpensive. Single treatments can be arranged, and though the hours are from 10 to 6, treatments can be given at other times to suit the special convenience of clients.

M. Gaston suggests as a slogan: "Fat is the only age, come up and see us sometime!" But many who do not need slimming would benefit largely in health, spirits, and looks from the stimulating sun-light baths, and massage treatments.

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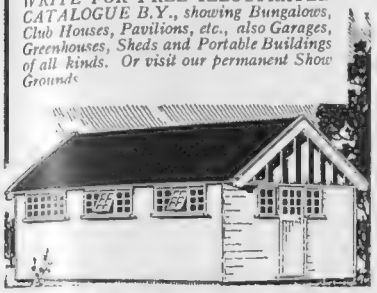

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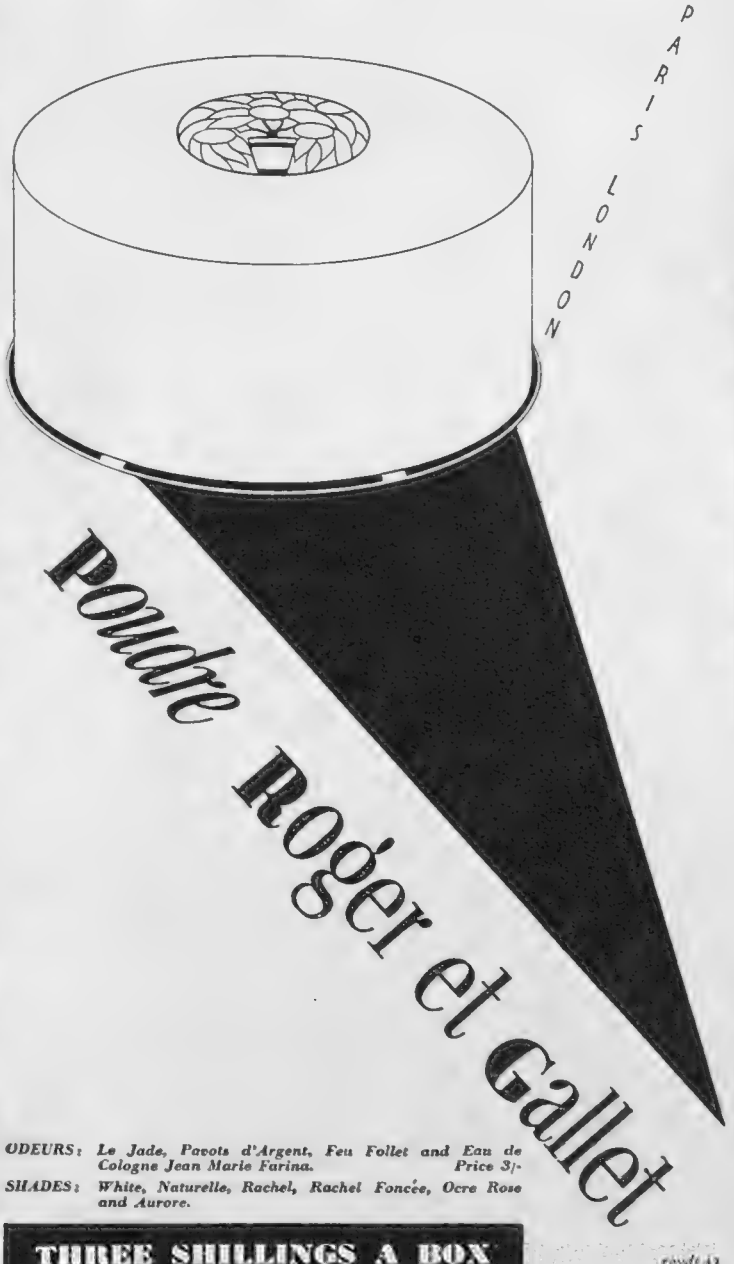

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

THE dates of the various principal events of the coming season are now settled, after a certain amount of re-shuffling, and on going through them with a friend, I had an argument with him as to how they stood with regard to importance. I do not mean in importance as a golfing event, but in importance in the mind of the average amateur golfer.

Obviously, from the point of view of the real meaning of the word "importance," the Open Championship is the biggest thing to win, for anyone who does can truthfully claim to be at least one of the finest exponents of the game of golf for the time being.

Guildford and District Golfing Alliance at West Hill

Top: Mr. G. St. G. Kelton and Mr. A. W. S. Aldridge (West Hill). Below: Captain W. Wise (Aldershot Command) and Major J. Collis Browne (West Surrey). Right: Captain R. P. Needham and H. B. Rhodes (Wentworth)

Prizes Most Coveted

Second in importance would seem to be, not the Amateur Championship, but some event wherein amateurs and professionals can compete on level terms. These are not nearly so common in this country as they are in America, for usually, apart from the Open Championship, a man must rest content to remain in his class, whether he be an amateur or a professional. In America, however, amateurs are welcomed at most of the State championships, which are played around the country, with the result perhaps easily realised in the list of American successes in the Walker Cup. Last winter General Critchley certainly did a great deal for British amateur golf in giving an opportunity for many amateurs to play against professionals and with professionals. Both amateurs and professionals owe him a great deal of gratitude for these opportunities, for there is no doubt that playing with a professional does help an amateur's game very considerably, and, equally, there is no doubt that during the winter season a professional—never at any time very well looked after with regard to competitive golf—normally plays none at all, and was therefore enabled to obtain good match practice.

NEW events are starting: the Addington Foursomes notably, wherein an amateur and a professional compete together, and now this new competition at Sunningdale, open to all golfers, about which I wrote last week. But these events are not yet, and it is doubtful whether they ever will be, of such supreme importance as a national championship; there still remains, it seems, ample room for a National Foursomes Championship, open to any golfer, in the same way as the Open Championship is, except that I should like to see it played by match, and not by medal play. If this competition ever were instituted, it would, I think, fill a very important want from the point of view of the improvement of golf in this country. It would certainly give a great deal of amusement to those competing (which I am not at all sure isn't the most important thing of all), and it would, to my mind, take second place in importance in events of the year.

BUT although one must consider the Open Championship as being the premier of all events in the golfing calendar, yet, from an amateur's point of view, I contend that he would probably sooner win the Amateur Championship than he would the Open, if it were quite certain that he wasn't going to win both. And, after that, which of the events would an amateur like to win most?

Obviously this must depend very largely on sentimental reasons. I may surprise you by this statement, but I can make it clear by taking my own personal case. After the Amateur Championship—a feat which, even in my dreams, is always beyond me—I would rather win the Autumn Medal of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. I say this because my father has won many medals of the club, and so have other members of my family, and it would give me a great deal of pleasure to follow in their footsteps. To others, I suppose, the Royal St. George's Grand Champion Challenge Cup would make the most appeal, but it is doubtful whether an amateur, as his second choice, would not put the Open before it. For sheer glory I suppose he would, but I think it is a fairly close thing, all the same. There are very few amateurs who have won the Open, and extraordinarily few who have won it twice; and those who have succeeded are great names in golf, anyhow. The lines of the discussion which my friend and I argued were more from the point of view of a man who is just a very good first-class amateur golfer, and not one of these amazing individuals who can compete successfully with the professional in training. I think he would probably prefer to win the St. George's Vase—as it is commonly, but erroneously, called—because that is a competition which one glance at the board in the dining-room of the St. George's Golf Club will show has only been won by worthy winners. I cannot help feeling in my own mind that to win the St. George's Vase is a rather similar honour to and confers the same sort of distinction amongst amateur golfers as, in another sphere, being appointed a Knight of the Garter.

AFTER that, what is it that one wants to win more than anything else? I don't know. Is it the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase, which always attracts an extraordinarily good entry, but which, year after year now, is stupidly arranged for the same day as the Spring Medal at St. Andrews, and, being a lesser event, should make way for the senior competition? Or is it the Gold Medal at some first-class golf club, such as Sandwich or Woking or Sunningdale? Or is it . . . well, there are plenty of them, and they are all important in their smaller ways.

There are various national championships, for instance, which, although excessively junior events, could certainly confer a certain amount of distinction on the winner.

But I still maintain that I, personally, would sooner win the William the Fourth Medal at St. Andrews than I would the Scottish Amateur Championship, or any other event, except the Amateur Championship itself . . . and I know of many like me. A club medal in the old days was a great event—nowadays it gets about two lines of unreadable print by way of publicity, but by way of affectionate regard I do not think it has lost anything to the members of the club. And a medal at a club like the Royal and Ancient is infinitely more important than a Union-made championship—have a look at the entry, if you need any convincing.

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What's On

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure, Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FIRST EPISODE.—A first play, uneven but amusing, on the female complications of university life, with Barbara Hoffe and Meriel Forbes as the complications, Patrick Waddington and William Fox as their victims: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30. Last week.

HENRY V.—Shakespeare's war pageant produced on a large scale, with Godfrey Tearle as Henry, Yvonne Arnaud as Katherine, Franklin Dyall as Pistol: Alhambra, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—The first Vic-Wells presentation of Wilde's comedy, with Charles Laughton as Dr. Chasuble: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARRIAGE IS NO JOKE.—James Bridie's new play, with Ralph Richardson, Sophie Stewart, and Phyllis Shand: Globe, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's. 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Sherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt and Cecil Parker, who play, respectively, the wife, her ex-princely lover, and her psychiatrist husband: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE RIVALS.—Lady Tree, Joyce Carey, Baliol Holloway, and Frank Cellier in the cast of Sheridan's play: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN.—Dorothy Hyson acts delightfully as a girl who wants to run her marriage as a love affair; Colin Keith-Johnstone plays the husband, Joyce Barbour the sharp-tongued sister, in Maxwell Anderson's play: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred, and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING, 1600.—The story of Emlyn Williams's Elizabethan play is too slight, but the atmosphere and decorations are delightful; so is the acting of Joyce Bland, Ian Hunter, Isabel Jeans and the rest: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WITHIN THE GATES.—Sean O'Casey's new play: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire dances as only he can, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BIRTHDAY.—As farce, it has good laughs; as a play, it 's unreal; Marie Löhr, Jessica Tandy, Brian Aherne, and all the good cast do their best to be convincing: Cambridge, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

EAST LYNNE.—Mrs. Henry Wood's Victorian melodrama amuses its Georgian audiences; Helena Pickard as "the dove" and Edgar K. Bruce as "the serpent": Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce, with a Turkish bath centrepiece, and Sydney Howard "What 's-to-do-ing" with his customary verve and hand-play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE QUITTER.—An American gangster play, with Eve Gray as the heroine: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE BIG HOUSE.—Nicholas Hannen in Lennox Robinson's play: Playhouse, February 17th.

THE QUEEN WHO KEPT HER HEAD.—Laura Cowie as Katherine Parr, Raymond Lovell as Henry VIII., April Vivien as Princess Elizabeth in one more Henry VIII. play: Kingsway, February 19th.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—The second play of the Shakespearean season: Alhambra, February 20th.

OPERA AND BALLET

BALLETS JOOSS.—The programme of this company's second season in London includes a new ballet, "Sept Chasseurs," as well as "La Table Verte" and other previous successes: Gaiety, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.45.

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at Sadler's Wells.

CINEMAS

ANNA AND ELISABETH.—Hertha Thiele and Dorothea Wieck, of "Mädchen in Uniform" fame, in a beautifully photographed film: Cinema House.

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the Czar, in another English film of history on the grand scale; Paul Czinner directed: Leicester Square.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH.—Brian Aherne and Victoria Hopper in the film version of Margaret Kennedy's book, directed by Basil Dean: New Gallery.

DUCK SOUP.—The four Marx Brothers in one of their amazing, nonsensical riots: Carlton.

THE INVISIBLE MAN.—The thriller on H. G. Wells's novel continues to give a hundred-per-cent. thrills: Tivoli.

LE PETIT ROI.—The boy-star, Robert Lynen ("Poil de Carotte"), in a new film: Rialto.

LIEBELEI.—Magda Schneider and Wolfgang Liebeneimer in Arthur Schnitzler's Old-Vienna romantic tragedy: Academy.

LITTLE WOMEN.—Katharine Hepburn in the film version of Louisa M. Alcott's book; all America sobbed over it: Regal.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.—For those who haven't seen Henry collecting and disposing of his Queens in this grand film, it 's showing at the Dominion.

SILLY SYMPHONIES.—A new Walt Disney programme of Symphonies and Mickey Mouse films, including "Babes in the Wood" and "Bears and Bees": Tatler.

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Orchestral

ELIJAH.—A spectacular presentation in eight scenes, with 1000 performers, conducted by Albert Coates: Royal Albert Hall, twice daily.

LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.—Sidney Beer conducts a programme which includes Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloë" and Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben"; Ria Ginster sings Strauss songs: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.15.

B.B.C.—Schnabel plays Brahms's D minor Concerto; Vaughan Williams's "Job" is in the programme; Adrian Boult conducts: Queen's Hall, February 14th, 8.15.

R.P.S.—The Brosa String Quartet in a chamber music concert: Aeolian Hall, February 15th, 8.30.

BEECHAM SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT.—The L.P.O. plays, Sir Thomas Beecham conducts, and Erica Morini is the soloist: Queen's Hall, February 18th, 3.15.

L.S.O.—Sir Hamilton Harty conducting, and Arthur Rubinstein as the soloist; Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Sibelius's "Tapiola" are in the programme: Queen's Hall, February 19th, 8.15.

Recitals

AUDREY PIGGOTT.—'Cello recital: Wigmore Hall, February 13th, 8.30.

CLIFFORD CURZON.—Second piano recital, with the London String Players: Wigmore Hall, February 16th, 8.30.

DANCING

In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—The Café de Paris Girls dance at ten and midnight; Lew Stone's band: extension night. Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Chase sings songs and plays the piano; Billy Gerhardi and his band extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Louis Simmonds and his band (late Embassy Club) play dance music, and there is a cabaret.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Sandra Swenska, from "Casanova" of Paris, makes a welcome return; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night. Wednesday

COSSACK.—Here are three orchestras, one coloured, to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The New York Midnight Follies of 1934 are appearing now, with Mitzie Maytair as star-dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Frances Williams, the American stage and screen star, entertains attractively; Jack Harris makes dance music: extension night Thursday

PICCADILLY.—Nane Carty sings and plays the harp, and Percy Val does funny acrobatics: extension night, Friday.

VANITY FAIR.—A place to dance at into the larger small hours, to a band that 's as rhythmically good as it is small.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

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"PORCELAIN THROUGH THE AGES."—Loan exhibition: 25, Park Lane, February 13th.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR.—Olympia, from February 19.

SHIRE HORSE SHOW: Agricultural Hall, February 20th—22nd.

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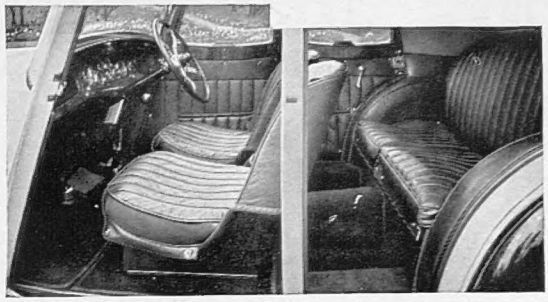

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